

# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1895

AUGUST 29, 1908

PRICE THREEPENCE

## MUDIE'S LIBRARY, Ltd.

SUBSCRIBERS have an unequalled supply of BOOKS both in range and quality. Every facility for the exchange of books. Prompt and careful attention.

And

"MUDIE'S" has the largest stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND BOOKS in the world. Works in 14 languages.

30-34 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

## HENRY SOTHERAN and CO., BOOKSELLERS.

NEW, SECOND-HAND, AND BOUND. BOOKS SOUGHT FOR, however unimportant. LIBRARIES BOUGHT OR VALUED. 140, Strand, W.C. (Tel. 1515 Central.) 37, Piccadilly, W. (Tel. 3601 Mayfair.) Telegraphic Address—Bookmen, London.

### Typewriting

**AUTHORS' MSS.**, 9d. per 1000 words. Sermons, Plays, and all kinds of Type-writing carefully done at home (Remington). Good paper. Orders promptly executed. Duplicating from 3d. 6d. per 100.—M. L. L., 18 Edgeley Road, Clapham, S.W.

**MSS. TYPED** (Barlock) 8d. per 1,000 words. Good paper; large margins; attractive "display." Clear carbon copies, 3d. per 1,000 extra.—ROBERT MILNE, 24 Kellerton Road, Lee, S.E.

**TYPEWRITING** promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1000 words. Specimens and references.—Address Miss MESSER, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

**TYPEWRITING.**—Neat, careful, and intelligent work. Fiction 7d. per thousand, other work 8d. Good paper. Specimens sent.—Mrs. A., 10 Grosvenor Road, St. Albans.

**TYPEWRITING.**—The WEST KENSINGTON OFFICES. Authors' MSS., Translations, etc. Legal and General Copying. Private Dictation Room. Circulars, etc., duplicated. Usual terms. References. Established fifteen years.—SIKES AND SIKES, 223A Hammersmith Road, London, W.

## BRITISH MUSEUM.

The READING ROOMS will be CLOSED from TUESDAY, September 1st, to FRIDAY, September 4th, inclusive.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON,

Director and Principal Librarian.

British Museum, 24th August, 1908.

## QUEEN SQUARE CLUB.

A social club for men and women interested in politics, literature or art. Lectures, entertainments, chess and bridge. An exquisite Queen Anne club-house, close to the British Museum and Russell Square Station. Inexpensive lunch and dinner. Subscription two guineas.—Apply Secretary, 9 Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

THE ACADEMY is an independent, uncommercial journal conducted in the interest of literature and for the maintenance of a high standard of fearless and independent criticism.

### Books for Sale

**THE ANCESTOR.** A Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry, and Antiquities. Numerous plates, some coloured. 12 Vols. and 3 Indices, pub. £3 7s. 6d. net, for 40s. net. Constable, 1902-5.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

**CAPTAIN BURTON'S ARABIAN NIGHTS.** The Illustrated Benares Edition, fine plates, original black cloth. Published by the Burton Club for private circulation only. 17 Vols., £14 14s.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

**5 WORKS BY CANON RAWNSLEY:**—Ruskin and the Lakes; A Rambler's Note-Book at the Lakes; Life and Nature at the Lakes; Lake Country Sketches; Memories of the Tennysons. Published at 3s. 6d. net, for 1s. 6d.; new.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

**FOR SALE.**—Parish and Shaw's "DICTIONARY OF THE KENTISH DIALECT," 8vo, wrapper (published at 10s. 6d.), 2s. free, or hf. rox., 3s. 6d. free.—W. S. GOULDEN, Remainder Bookseller, 5 St. Paul's, Canterbury.

**CLOUET.**—300 French Portraits of Personages of the Courts of Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II. Autolithographed from the originals at Castle Howard, by Lord Gower. 2 vols, folio, blue cloth (Low 1875), £4.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

### QUEEN'S HALL.

#### PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Nightly at 8, till Oct. 24.

#### THE QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

Conductor:

MR. HENRY J. WOOD.

1s., 2s., 3s., 5s. Full Programmes for the entire Season from the Queen's Hall Orchestra (Ltd.), 320 Regent Street, W.

ROBERT NEWMAN, Manager.

## THE BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

Founded 1837.

Patron—HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.  
Invested Capital £30,000.

### A UNIQUE INVESTMENT

Offered to London Booksellers and their Assistants.

A young man or woman of twenty-five can invest the sum of Twenty Guineas (or its equivalent by instalments) and obtain the right to participate in the following advantages:—

FIRST. Freedom from want in time of Adversity as long as need exists.

SECOND. Permanent Relief in Old Age.

THIRD. Medical Advice by eminent Physicians and Surgeons.

FOURTH. A Cottage in the Country (Abbots Langley, Hertfordshire) for aged Members, with garden produce, coal, and medical attendance free, in addition to an annuity.

FIFTH. A Furnished House in the same Retreat at Abbots Langley for the use of Members and their families for holidays or during convalescence.

SIXTH. A contribution towards Funeral expense when it is needed.

SEVENTH. All these are available not for Members only, but also for their wives or widows and young children.

EIGHTH. The payment of the subscriptions confers an absolute right to these benefits in all cases of need.

For further information apply to the Secretary, Mr. GEORGE LARNER, 28 Paternoster Row, E.C.

## A. LIONEL ISAACS,

59, PICCADILLY, W.

### RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, & MSS.

Speciality:—French Illustrated Books of the Eighteenth Century and Modern French EDITIONS DE LUXE.

\*.\* Gentlemen wishing to dispose of any of these will oblige by kindly reporting same to me.

### BOOKS.—ALL OUT-OF-PRINT

and RARE BOOKS on any subject SUPPLIED. The most expert Bookfinder extant. Please state wants and ask for CATALOGUE. I make a special feature of exchanging any Saleable Books for others selected from my various Lists. Special List of 2,000 Books I particularly want post free.—EDW. BAKER'S Great Bookshop, 14-16 John Bright Street, Birmingham. Harmsworth Encyclopedia, 10 Vols., 56s. net, for 30s. Farmer and Henley's Slang Dictionary, 7s. 6d. Who's Who, 2 vols., 1907, 11s. net, for 5s.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS

(Permanent Monochrome Carbon).

**THE OLD MASTERS.** From the principal National Collections, including the National Gallery, London; the Louvre, Dresden, Florence, etc., etc.

**MODERN ART.** A numerous collection of Reproductions from the Royal Academy, the Tate Gallery, the Walker Art Gallery, the Luxembourg, etc.

**GAMBIER BOLTON'S CELEBRATED ANIMAL STUDIES FROM LIFE: ALSO BIRDS, REPTILES, etc.** The exclusive copyright of the Autotype Company. Many hundreds of subjects, size about 12 by 10 in., 3/6 each.

**REID'S STUDIES OF CATTLE, SHEEP, etc., FROM NATURE.** A large Selection of these attractive artistic Reproductions in various sizes, printed in Permanent Carbon.

**ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS.** By REMBRANDT, HOLBEIN, DÜRER, MERYON, etc.

Prospectuses of above Issues will be sent free on application.

Full particulars of all the Company's publications are given in

### The AUTOTYPE FINE-ART CATALOGUE,

ENLARGED EDITION, with Hundreds of Miniature Photographs and Tint Blocks of Notable Autotypes.

For convenience of reference the Publications are arranged Alphabetically under Artists' Names.

Post Free, ONE SHILLING.

A VISIT OF INSPECTION IS INVITED TO  
THE

**AUTOTYPE FINE-ART GALLERY,**  
74 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY

Every Friday. Price 2d.

## PUBLIC OPINION

Edited by

**PERCY L. PARKER.**

¶ "Public Opinion" provides the busy man with a lucid summary of what is happening in the different fields of human activity, and focusses within reasonable compass something of that teeming interest which comes from being in touch with many phases of life.

Dr. W. H. FITCHETT says :

*"Most interesting and valuable ; a matchless bit of journalistic work."*

Sir HUBERT von HERKOMER, R.A., says :

*"Your selection of current thought is worthy of all praise."*

"Public Opinion" can be obtained from any newsagent or bookstall, or will be sent post-free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d., and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum.

Specimen Copy free on application.

31 and 32 Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

## "SCORPIO"

A book of thirty odd sonnets—Shakespearian form—pronounced by an American critic as possessing: "A Juvenalian gift of satire and a magnificent invective, as mordant as it is tremendous." Another has said of these sonnets: "Their form is classic. They are gems. Rich gems—rubies." Shakespeare-lovers, who have been as disgusted as this new Southern satirist at G. B. Shaw's comments thereon, will see the latter handled "without gloves" therein.

Delivered, post-paid on receipt of two dollars, by registered mail to Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U.S.A.

## PUBLISHERS' MEDIA

### THE SPHERE.

6d. Weekly.

Literary Letter by C. K. S. appears each week. Also List of Books Received.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT RATES FOR PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Office: Great New Street, E.C.

The Best, Brightest, and most Interesting Paper.

**THE DAILY CHRONICLE.** 10 or 12 Pages Daily.

POPULAR FEATURES ARE :—

The Reviews of Books and Literary Notes, Full Resume of the Principal Musical, Art, and Dramatic Events. Science and Art specially dealt with. Fulllest Reports of all Current Events and Special Telegrams from Correspondents Everywhere.

## CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

**RED** DRINK THE  
**WHITE**  
DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER. **& BLUE**

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.



## CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Life and Letters . . . . .	195	Lloyd-George, the Blenheim Spaniel, and the Hall Porter . . . . .	205
Sonnet . . . . .	197	Paganism . . . . .	206
Reviews :		The Excellence of Human Nature . . . . .	207
Native Irish Literature . . . . .	197	Upon Musicians . . . . .	208
The Historical Significance of Disease . . . . .	198	Shorter Reviews . . . . .	209
Trouting, a Persuasive and a Finger-post . . . . .	200	Fiction . . . . .	210
A Play and a Poem . . . . .	200	Correspondence . . . . .	211
Tranquil Tales . . . . .	201	Books Received . . . . .	214
The Leipzig Campaign . . . . .	202		
Carducci and Heine . . . . .	204		

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to The Wilsford Press, Ltd., 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Publishing Offices of THE ACADEMY are at 67 Long Acre, London, W.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

## LIFE AND LETTERS

We are bound to admit that it is not without a certain perhaps malicious sense of amusement that we have followed the controversy in the *Daily Telegraph* as to the censorship of plays. It is surely something a little like poetic justice that Mr. Courtney, whom some months ago we delicately reproved for something which looked not altogether unlike insincerity in his references to the censorship of plays, should now become the victim of that astounding official. Mr. Courtney was one of the foremost of the exponents of that school of criticism with regard to the censorship which insisted that, while the censorship was undesirable, Mr. Redford himself was beyond all reproach. Mr. Redford's reply to all this pleasant support has been to stop the production of Mr. Courtney's adaptation of *Oedipus Rex*. We wonder whether Mr. Courtney retains his feeling as to the personal excellence of Mr. Redford. For our own part, we can only repeat what we have said before—that, while we consider that censorship of some sort is a desirable thing, it is highly important that the censor should be a man of not less than average intelligence.

The silly season being now in full swing, the *Daily Telegraph* is supplying its readers with a collection of letters under the heading of "Ideals of Marriage," some of which are very silly indeed. The majority of those who contribute to this controversy are ladies and gentlemen who are in a burning state of indignation because the Church of England is so unkind and inconsiderate as to object to the marriage of divorced persons. These marriages are recognised by law, say the aggrieved correspondents of our contemporary; therefore, of course, the Church, if it were a properly-constituted institution, should be compelled by law to bestow its blessing on them. A swears to love, honour, and obey B; she takes B for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, and so on; and here is this foolish old Church actually declining to give her permission and her blessing when B, having failed to hit it off with A, proposes to repeat the process with X, Y, or Z. This is truly a monstrous state of affairs, and we are not surprised that the Church has let herself in for a well-merited rebuke from that acknowledged expert in matters of Life, Death, and Eternity, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Mr. Laurence Housman, the gentle trousered Suffragette, has also seized the opportunity of pointing out the monstrous injustice of discussing such subjects at all while his suffering sisters are kept without the votes that they desire. The correspondence, we need hardly say, contains some sensible and wise

letters on the other side of the question, but we rather doubt whether it would not be wiser on the part of their writers to leave tomfools to stew in the juice of their own tomfoolery.

We note with great joy that Mr. Lloyd-George has been giving one of the evening papers a certificate of character. It appears that when Mr. Lloyd-George landed at Southampton fresh from his motor triumphs he was humbly waited upon by a representative of the *Star*. "What is the name of your paper?" inquired Mr. Lloyd-George. "The *Star*, if you please, sir," replied the obsequious reporter." "Ah!" remarked Mr. Lloyd-George (who is really a great quiz), "A paper with a clean conscience." This beautiful remark appears to have bowled the *Star* man clean off his legs. Rushing to the nearest telegraph-office he communicated the facts to his editor, who appears to have been so amazed and taken aback with the pronouncement that he uses the "Chancellor's" ill-considered phrase for a headline. We know nothing about the conscience of the *Star* newspaper, but we could be pretty sure that if the *Star* has a conscience it must be a pretty clean one because, so far as we have been able to make out, the *Star* never uses it. In the same issue as Mr. Lloyd-George's "compliment" we find the *Star* making a great show with "Old Joe's Trebles" and the starting-prices of "Saucy John," "Exeter Hall," and other equine marvels. The *Star* poses as a journal which is all for the people and the highest Liberal and democratic moralities. Yet in its earlier issues it is little else than a betting and a tip-giving news-sheet. If the complimentary clean-conscience-bestowing Chancellor had at his command one-half of the money that has disappeared from the working-man's pocket on the strength of the *Star*'s tips and general incitements to betting he would be under no anxiety as to the payment of the munificent old-age pensions which he and his colleagues have promised to an incredulous democracy. The *Star*'s conscience may, as we have said, be spotless. But there are other parts of its anatomy about which even Mr. Lloyd-George could scarcely be complimentary. Possibly, however, Mr. Lloyd-George is a student and follower of Old Joe.

Having dispensed with the harrowing political short stories of Mr. John Galsworthy, and being apparently unable to lay its hands on another fictionist who can see life on the Suffragist-cum-wife-beating principle, the *Nation* has evidently determined to nobble the verse-writers. In the current issue of Mr. Massingham's extraordinary review we find tucked away after the correspondence, and under the head of poetry, some verses entitled "A Somerset Lullaby." The second stanza of this wonderfully human effusion runs as follows:

The Squire's cheeld's got a rattle, and a silver coral ring;  
But a can't zee its Mammy for she'm gone to zee the King.  
'Tis tended by a maykin, and cheweth on a bone;  
But you'm my lucky laddie with a Mammy of your own!  
Zo go to sleep, my deary dear, a-rocking on my knee!  
And thank the Blessed Lord you baint a Child of Quality!  
Aye, thank the Lord, Who laid ye on our cottage hearthen stone,  
With a Daddy as do love ye, and a Mammy of your own.

Thus we may see what a dreadful and wicked thing it is in the eyes of the *Nation* to be a Squire. Of course it is notorious that the children of landed proprietors are never allowed to see their mothers, who, poor featherheads, spend all their days gallivanting about the Court, and make a point of giving their babies bones to chew. And of course the child of quality is never loved by its father, and has no mother to speak of. Mr. Massingham's knowledge of the insides of respectable households is evidently intimate. His determination to work the political dodge at all costs, and no matter who is slandered or insulted, will also be obvious. It is a pity that people who run stupid reviews as a sort of adjunct, or lean-to, of the chocolate-mill should be so reckless of the decencies. We say that the lines we have quoted are full of impertinent and ridiculous suggestion, and that if the high ideals of Liberalism and the democracy must needs be bolstered

up with mendacious and ill-mannered "poetry," it is high time that Liberalism and the democracy obtained a fresh set of ideals. Mr. Massingham knows as well as we know that child for child the children of the upper classes are just as well treated, and receive just as much mothering and just as much parental affection as the children of the class from which Mr. Massingham and his contributors would appear to spring. No useful purpose can be served by foul and specious argument, even though you put it into verse and call it "A Somerset Lullaby." The human affections are confined to no particular class, and Mr. Massingham may take it from us that they are no more wanting in the wife of a squire than they are in the motherly bosoms of Mrs. Pankhurst and Lady Grove. Let the *Nation* clear its mind of chocolate and its poetry of cant.

A correspondent writes:—There is no more awful warning for the reviewer of to-day than the sight of an old review. There are classic instances of course: the "gallipot" criticism of Keats, Lady Eastlake's highly-offensive notice of Charlotte Brontë—Lady Eastlake richly deserved the treatment prescribed by the late Queen Victoria for the "suffragette" Lady Blank—there is the "Officer's Widow" review of "In Memoriam": there are many of these notorious cases of impudence, ignorance, and vulgar malice. But many others lurk unseen in the old numbers of old magazines, and the present writer, browsing on old *Blackwoods*, has found some notable examples of base reviewing, a few of which it may be well to exhibit for the terror of himself and of others. To begin with, there are three articles (by Mrs. Oliphant?) comparing the respective merits of Dickens, Thackeray, and Lytton. It is only fair to say at once that these papers contain many judicious observations; one is delighted to see, for instance, that the critic cannot believe for a moment in the genial intimacy between Captain Cuttle and Mr. Dombey; and, indeed, the picture of these two clinking glasses of "the old Madeira" is one of the most intolerable events in English fiction. But when we read further, and find that Mr. Pecksniff is a bore and a nuisance, we see that the critic's touch is far from sure. And then comes the shocking discovery that Mr. Thackeray is a cynic, and that "Vanity Fair" is a deplorable book, and finally, that Lytton is, beyond doubt, the very emperor of novelists, from whom such comparatively little men as Dickens and Thackeray must hold their realms (such as they are) in fealty. It is not surprising, after all this, to learn that "Jane Eyre" is a very coarse story. One is reminded of the remark of Mr. Locke's Paragot: "Unintelligent old women should not talk of what they do not understand;" one gets the full flavour of that mid-Victorian period when arts and crafts dwelt contented under the shadow of the crinoline, when Tennyson had to write those green-bound volumes of his so that they should be fit to lie on the drawing-room table of the country vicarage.

Perhaps the best of all these reviews is the notice of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." Now, putting "Cranford" on one side, the "Life" is undoubtedly the best of all Mrs. Gaskell's books; it is in most respects a model biography told with consummate art. It not only gives the bare facts of Charlotte Brontë's life, it achieves a much more considerable thing; it gives all the setting in which that life was framed, so that the reader realises the whole scene, and sees in a more vivid light than that of the stage the whole drama of the Brontës played before him. We have the "origins" of both parents—the wild Irish "aura" of Mr. Brontë, his almost diabolic energy and persistence, and the gentle submission of the Cornish girl whom he married. Then Mrs. Gaskell shows us Haworth and its surroundings with wonderful skill—its bleakness and its dreariness both physical and moral and mental. There are few chapters in literary biography so impressive or so imaginative as that reconstruction of a whole district. We read the old legends that the Brontës listened to when they were children, we read the uncouth and hideous dialect which sounded in their ears, we see the glen where old

Tabby remembered seeing the fairies before the mills came, we have the horror and gloom and isolation of that parsonage amongst the tombs hammered, as it were, into our heads; almost with the first lines of the book the note of tragedy and doom is struck. And so all through the story: Charlotte lives, not *in vacuo*, but in Haworth, in Cowanbridge, in Roehead, in Brussels, in real houses, in real villages, in real surroundings, with real people to talk to, to like or dislike. "Jane Eyre" will survive, no doubt; but many people will read "Shirley" in the future simply because that novel is mentioned in "The Life of Charlotte Brontë."

And now for the old reviewer:

Mrs. Gaskell, we regret to say, has, in the present work, so employed her talent that she appears . . . as a gossip and a gadabout. . . . First of all she devotes a chapter to Haworth, counting all the rooms and all the windows in the parsonage. The next chapter she devotes to a description of the character of Yorkshiremen, who appear to be the most unsociable beings on the face of the earth. In the third chapter she hies away to Cornwall, gives a long account of the customs of Penzance, Mrs. Brontë's birthplace. . . . With amazing rapidity she then relates the birth of half-a-dozen children, kills off Mrs. Brontë, and sends Charlotte to school.

Then comes another school at Roehead, and the biographer writes a gazetteer of the neighbourhood from the days of the Stuarts downwards. . . . All this information of the Dame Quickly sort, with which every chapter abounds, Mrs. Gaskell has seasoned with as much petty scandal as might suffice for half-a-dozen biographies . . . such miserable gossip . . . these gross personalities. . . . As if it were not enough . . . to lay bare the skeletons of the Brontë family . . . Mrs. Gaskell rakes together all the scandal of the neighbourhood, and weaves it into the biography.

[The "Life" is] an outrage upon her [Charlotte Brontë's] memory, committed in the name of friendship and sky-high religion . . . with a copious discharge of those cheap protestations which Sairey Gamp, over her brown teapot, might offer to Betsey Prig.

Such was literary criticism in the year 1857.

We print our correspondent's remarks with some satisfaction, because, apart from their undoubted literary interest, they suggest, even if they do not embody, the views of the average unfavourably reviewed person. It is quite obvious that where such a matter as criticism is concerned you cannot have mathematical precision of judgment. The critic is a human being, and, questions of "impudence, ignorance, and vulgar malice" apart, he is liable to err. The classic instances of unjust reviewing rehearsed by our correspondent are classic enough, heaven knows, and deplorable enough. But we cannot agree that there is anything in the way of an awful warning in them. For obviously if it is to be argued that because Keats was unjustly reviewed and Charlotte Brontë was unjustly reviewed and Tennyson was unjustly reviewed the criticism of the day should beware of itself, and bow its crested head, so to speak, there is really an end to every sort of reviewing save and except the reviewing which abounds in honey and frankincense. A man may read a book which does not like him, and he may fairly say in consequence, "This is a bad book." Posterity conceivably might come to other conclusions about it. This has happened, as we know, and it will probably happen again. At the same time it proves nothing. Our contention is that while it is possible to rake up flagrant cases of unjust and brutal reviewing, the criticism of the past century has on the whole and in the main been just, reasonable, and fair. Against the Keats "gallipot" criticism, which, when all is said, is practically the only terrible case, one might set, say, Macaulay's review of the poems of Montgomery. Macaulay was pretty severe with Montgomery at a time when Montgomery was esteemed an important poet. Posterity has agreed that Macaulay was right. Furthermore, for one instance of injustice meted out to sound literary work we could guarantee to find ten instances of overpraise and unctuous flattery bestowed upon unworthy and undesirable authors. Our correspondent's own citation of Mrs. Oliphant for belauding Lytton as the very emperor of novelists will suffice for us to be going on with. It seems



to us that, during the past few decades at any rate, if criticism has erred at all it has been on the side of soundness, and this we believe can be proved out of the bound volumes. Really base and biased reviewing is a most difficult matter to compass. For a multiplicity of reasons editors set their faces against the harsh treatment of authors generally, and particularly authors of vogue or reputation. The reviewer is made to feel that there can never be any hurt in plausible praise, whereas severity in the matter of blame may have a certain effect upon a certain class of advertisers. So that the impudent, ignorant, or malicious reviewer has the utmost difficulty in disposing of his wares, and the honest and competent reviewer who feels it incumbent upon him at times to be severe and seemingly brutal does not find his position altogether a bed of roses. The tendency, as we have said, is to over-kindness.

Of course, we are fully aware that when a man has written a book which another man finds it necessary to condemn on public grounds, the author of the condemned work is filled with gentle pains. We do not believe that a reviewer ever convinced an author of the downright error of his ways, though reviews may have convinced publishers, and at times they certainly convince the public. Consequently your poor stricken author, bleeding as it were from forty foul gashes, which for some reason or other are always described as "stabs in the back," is naturally disposed to search the files of old newspapers for comfort. His argument is always and inevitably "this impudent, ignorant, malicious, and base reviewer is simply doing for me what the *Quarterly Review* did for Keats." It never occurs to him that the reviewer may be simply doing for him what Macaulay did for Montgomery. A proper, sturdy, and legitimate author is the master of all such situations. If his book is a great book, and the reviewer says it is not a great book the book remains, and the quality of the work is not in the slightest degree depreciated. If the book be a bad book, and the reviewer says it is a good book, beautiful friendships may be strengthened, but the book remains what it is—namely, bad. Least of all should a writer imagine that he must of necessity be eminent because his book happens to be "slated." Common sense in these matters is just as useful as it is in cab-driving and potato-digging. When all is said and done the bitterest of reviewers has his reputation to consider, and it will be found in practice that where you have a severe review you have the reason for severity plainly stated, and in the majority of instances supported by quotations from the author himself. Of course it would be possible for a reviewer to take an admittedly beautiful line of verse or a set of beautiful stanzas and to write beneath them "Here we have doggerel and balderdash." But, in our opinion, the thing never happens—at any rate in critical journals of the smallest consequence. It is true that the poetry which issues from the Press, and a good deal of the fiction, is received with scant courtesy by the reviewers. On the other hand, nobody in his senses will suggest that we have now amongst us a poet of any parts who is not receiving his due share of praise and critical encouragement; and when it comes to fiction we are all of us painfully aware that books of absolutely no literary merit are treated seriously and praised by the column length in all sorts of journals. In fact, the convention of praise has become so firmly established amongst us that the business of authorship nowadays admittedly consists of two departments—which may be roughly described as the departments of catchpenny success and legitimate literary merit. It is in the former department that the great majority of authors whose names are familiar to the public consistently labour. Whereas in the department where literary merit is the main consideration you have a faithful few who are commonly voted rank failures by the publishers. We believe that the man or woman who thirsts for praise, and praise in abundance, can always compass it. And it is to be compassed by the simple means of writing a good book.

## SONNET

For thou wert Master of their windy keeps,  
In Tyre, in Ilium, and in Babylon,  
Which smote the welkin many a year ago  
With torches and with shouting. Whoso sleeps  
On the large hills or drowns in the old deeps,  
His name shines in a book for thee to con;  
And thy chill pomps and aching triumphs are won  
Where the forlornest woman sits and weeps.  
So that for thee we make embroideries,  
And for thy foul pate twist a beamy crown,  
Who art the lord of laughter and of lust,  
Who readest all their lesson to the wise,  
And to the fools, as they go up and down;  
And it is this: A cry, a rose, and dust.

T. W. H. C.

## REVIEWS

### NATIVE IRISH LITERATURE

*A Text-book of Irish Literature.* Part II. By ELEANOR HULL. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son; London: David Nutt; 3s. net.)

THE first part of this work appeared in 1906. It was, as the writer then told us, "prepared at short notice to meet the requirements of the students under the Intermediate Board." This haste probably accounts for some delay in the appearance of the second volume. In the interim Miss Hull has made a special study of the Fenian Legends and Saga. We are given the results in the first five chapters, which are more of the nature of a monograph on this obscure subject than proper to a text-book. Miss Hull's theory is that these Romances were the folk-lore tales of the Firbolg races, the pre-Milesian tribes scattered throughout Ireland. These people were despised as mere vassals by their Gaelic conquerors, who did not consider their legends worthy of a place in the great collections of the twelfth century, such as the "Book of the Dun Cow" and the "Book of Leinster." But the folk-lore legends became assimilated to the life of the people, as was natural, seeing that they were transmitted orally through several centuries, and the Fenian Saga gradually developed, "was added to and expanded, until from the fifteenth century onward it formed the most voluminous portion of the country's literature." Miss Hull's theory is interesting and carefully elaborated, even if built up on a "semi-historic" foundation. But she fails to allow that the Milesian folk-lore may have intermingled orally with the Firbolg Romances, even though the Fenian tales were not admitted into the early literature of the Cuchulain cycle. It is to account for this omission that Miss Hull's very possible theory has been constructed. The chapters on Ossianic and Lyric poetry are all too short. Miss Hull is of opinion that

The publication of MacPherson's "Fingal" and "Temora" and the controversy they aroused gave the Ossianic poems and the legends of the Fians an interest and value which they had never before possessed even to the nations among whom they had their origin.

So MacPherson is to be forgiven his "chief error" of passing off his own compositions as old Gaelic ballads. We cannot refrain from quoting two stanzas from the "Colloquy of Oisín and Patrick," an echo from afar which has its present-day counterpart—"Do chualas ceól," etc., thus translated:

I have heard music sweeter far  
Than hymns and psalms of clerics are ;  
The blackbird's pipe on Letterlea,  
The Dord Finn's wailing melody.  
The thrush's song of Glenna-Scál,  
The hound's deep bay at twilight fall,  
The barque's sharp grating on the shore,  
Than clerics' chants delight me more.

Another short chapter treats of Classical and Mediæval adaptations in Irish literature.

"The Tale of Troy, The Alexander Saga, The Wanderings of Ulysses, The Theban War were well-known in Ireland in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries." In the Irish versions Celtic imagination finds play in considerable addition and variation. We also learn that a Gaelic version of "Sir John Maundeville's Travels" was made in 1475 by one Fingin O'Mahony, while an abridgment of the "Book of Ser Marco Polo" is found in the "Book of Lismore":

There are Irish versions of Turpin's Chronicle, Guy of Warwick, Bevis of Southampton, and of a number of French and Spanish romances, such as the "Triumphs of Charlemagne," from the French, and "Richard and Lisarda: a Spanish Tale." The chief general interest of these versions of foreign texts is the testimony they bear to the fact that from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries Ireland kept in touch with the literary life of the Continent; the large number of Irishmen who went for their education to the Universities of Spain and France, or who repaired to the Irish monasteries in Italy, must have fostered an interest in the romances and literature of foreign countries.

We should add that a point of particular interest is the learned culture of monastic Ireland, before the ruthless Elizabethan wars and the ravages of Cromwell swept away the sources of light and learning. That such civilised culture existed would be a revelation to those who base their knowledge of fifteenth-century Ireland on Froude and contemporary writers, and who have never visited the melancholy ruins of her splendid monasteries. It is the old tale of the conquered race, despised as semi-barbarians. In the early years of the seventeenth century there was a great exodus of learned men from Ireland to Continental Universities, in consequence of the rigorous suppression of schools and colleges. The Irish Minorite Convent at Louvain was founded in 1616, and the Irish College of St. Isidore at Rome in 1618. But a great work was being done in Ireland by those who remained. It was seen that valuable manuscripts and old records were being lost and dispersed. So many of these historical and ecclesiastical records were collected and transcribed by the great annalists of the seventeenth century, most notably in the collection "Annala Rioghachta Eireann" (Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland), commonly called the Annals of the Four Masters. Miss Hull contends that "in the number and fulness of her tribal records Ireland can boast a supremacy over any nation of Europe."

Now that the Gaelic League is trying to revive the old Irish place-names, and has actually issued its own postal guide, with the address in Irish of every post town in Ireland, ancient divisions of the country, etc., it is interesting to note that in the Life of Hugh Roe O'Donnell (who died in 1602), written so late as the seventeenth century, the country "bears its old mythological names—e.g., Ulster is called 'the province of Conor mac Nessa'; the strand near Dundalk is 'Tragh Baile mic Buain.'" As Miss Hull observes, this is—

A good example of the familiarity of the whole nation with the old legends . . . and of the persistence of native tradition.

In addition to the work of the famous prose-writers this century also witnessed a remarkable revival in the schools of the bards, notwithstanding the English laws for their repression. A suffering nation has always produced a finer literature, and Ireland's woes fanned the flame of poetry. Following the professional bards came the beginnings of modern Irish poetry, which sprang from the people themselves, and was of a more democratic tone:

The new poetry is partly social, made up of love-songs,

drinking-songs, religious verse, and verse on personal topics; and partly political, voicing the feeling of the country for the house of Stuart.

This popular national poetry in the native tongue, melancholy in its minor tone of suffering, stirring the affections of the people, songs which it was treason to sing openly, kept alive that national spirit which centuries of penal repression could never efface. Much of this later verse may be lacking in dignity of thought and expression, while in some directions its limitations are sufficiently obvious, but there remains a treasure of pure lyric poetry in the native songs of love and religion, beautiful alike in their melodious rhythm and in the refined delicacy of their sentiment.

The tide of emigration and other great changes in the country which followed the horrors of the famine of 1846 put an end to the native Irish literature, and the language gradually died out except in the far West. But the twentieth century has seen a remarkable revival with the advent of the Gaelic League. Of this we propose to treat in a subsequent article. For the Irish students of this revival Miss Hull's work is a useful text-book, while a study of these volumes by the English reader would awaken an interest in a field of history and literature hitherto disregarded or little known. In any further edition the chronological arrangement of subjects will probably be re-adjusted and certain defects due to hasty preparation revised. We also suggest that tabulated lists of more important works would not be out of place in a text-book of this kind. The Bibliography given at the end of the second volume would be much more serviceable if some reference were also added to the publishers of the books cited.

## THE HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF DISEASE

*Malaria: a Neglected Factor in the History of Greece and Rome.* By W. H. S. JONES, M.A., MAJOR R. ROSS, F.R.S., C.B., and G. G. ELLETT, M.B. (Cambridge: Macmillan and Bowes, 2s. 6d. net.)

A LITTLE book has recently been published directing attention to a matter of the first historical importance, which amounts to saying that knowledge of the subjects discussed may be at least as useful to the statesman in the conduct of present and future policies as it is interesting to the student of past events. The historian cannot and need not be expected to work upon utilitarian lines directly—it is a good view that all proven history is useful, inasmuch as the accumulation of information must help us to shun the errors of the past. Many a historian has made a contribution to exact knowledge the value of which he could not foresee, his record owing its appearance to no more elevated motive than a regard for the picturesque, it being impossible for the writer to guess in what unexpected way he might be serving a future generation towards practical ends. This is particularly the case with historians in their references to the health of the peoples whose rise and fall are being chronicled in their pages.

Professor Ronald Ross points out in a prefatory chapter to Mr. Jones's little book, which forms the text of these remarks, that students of biology must often have observed the failure of historians in dealing with the fate of nations to view affairs from a biological standpoint. The physique of a population, its climatic environment, its liability to plagues, its attitude towards hygiene, and its vital statistics, as far as these can be deduced from records or from literature, are for the most part not taken into consideration in history. If any mention is made of a pestilence, we shall find usually that it is treated as an episode only loosely connected with current events. The exploits of kings and generals, bishops and demagogues are not narrated as though they were closely affected by the hygiene of the masses; their actions are allowed to have a religious, a racial, and even a geographical bias, but they



are never connected in history with the public health of the population. Now and again an epidemic falls with such suddenness and such blighting results upon a people that it is impossible not to see that all policies were swayed by its effects, so that the whole page of history has been altered by it. There is no better example of this kind of occurrence than is furnished by the great plague of Athens. This plague broke out in the year 430 B.C., just one year after the beginning of the disastrous Peloponnesian War. The whole of Pericles's conduct of affairs as dictator and commander-in-chief was paralysed by it, and the Spartans in consequence obtained an advantage in the struggle which, despite fluctuations in favour of Attica, they never lost. Cause and effect were here so plainly in due sequence that the significance could not be missed; and it is not surprising that, so far as the downfall of Greece as an empire can be attributed to the prolongation of the Peloponnesian War, so far can the great plague be considered a huge factor, for it caused Athenian weakness at an important juncture and led to the ultimate issue in a Spartan victory. But while such a catastrophe as the terrible plague of Athens may be given occasionally by historians its full value, and even more than its value, when summing up their arguments, less obvious but more potent influences having their origin in the health of the population concerned go unnoticed. When the plague smote Athens, Athenian plans were disturbed much as the kingcraft of Charles I. of England was arrested by his decapitation. But the condition of public affairs which led up to the tragedy at Whitehall remained after the tragedy; the death-sentence upon the King was only an episode in a long process of adjustment of relations between the Crown and the nation, producing a public attitude of mind and a public temper the effects of which bear fruit to-day. All historians take pains to point out this fact, as far as so obvious a thing needs any pointing out. The terrific deed was not without its immediate results, but before it was done there was a spirit in England which made its doing to some extent unnecessary, and it is these general conditions which the historians of the seventeenth century strive to take into account. When biology is concerned no such general conditions are ever given proper weight. But biology has its part in producing general national conditions every whit as striking as the political developments which historians never fail to note, and the effect of biological environment and circumstance should be reckoned with. The significance of Mr. Jones's book is that he supplies a powerful argument in favour of insistence that historians should take into account public health, mortality bills, and vital statistics when laying down any general conclusions to be drawn from their writings. He suggests that it was not so much the great plague in Athens that led ultimately to the decadence of the Greek power as the sapping of the national strength by malaria.

It is well known that in the fourth century B.C. Greece rapidly fell from its high estate, and this has been attributed to many of several causes, and to a complex of all of them. The decay of patriotism is said to have followed upon the aggregation of the people into towns; a too pronounced artistic sentiment is said to have produced a national softness of character; the defaults of private morality and the drain of the Peloponnesian War have also been given great prominence as reasons for the rapid decadence of the Greek power. All these things undoubtedly played their part, but Mr. Jones suggests that behind them lay another common and powerful cause, likely, it is true, to have its outcome in an enervation of character and a sapping of morals. He thinks it probable, from a close reading of the literature, that during the fourth century B.C. malaria, which is such a fearful incubus upon the modern Greek, fell upon the nation, and wrought havoc with the life and energies of the State. A blighting sickness, he thinks, may have attacked the people *en masse*, and proved rapidly fatal to civil or military, social or artistic progress, while leaving the country an easy prey to an aggressor of the stamp of Alexander the Great. The arguments in favour of this highly interesting theory,

when set out baldly, do not amount to much. It is pointed out that during the fourth century the word *luperbs* became common in Attic literature, and signified a prevalent fever, whereas before that time it was only used once in Homer, when it seemed to mean heat. There were other words used to designate fevers, but *luperbs* seems, as a matter of fact, to be used specifically for the fever which all men might get. As in Malta the residents might speak of Malta fever as "the fever," so in Athenian literature "the fever" would mean malaria. The word *luperbs* first occurs in Greek literature, with the single exception of once in the "Iliad," in the "Wasps" of Aristophanes. This play was acted in the year 422 B.C., and it is certainly a significant fact that the Athenians had been busily engaged some three years previously on the island of Sphacteria, now known as Sphagia, and to this day a malarious centre. It is at least possible that malaria was introduced, either from Sphagia or (and we think more probably) from some settlement in Asia Minor, into Attica where were the stagnant pools and the proper anophelines doubtless breeding upon them, and where only the presence of the parasite was wanted to complete the story and start the outbreak. When this occurred we should have the germs multiplying with fearful rapidity on virgin soil, and in two generations a considerable proportion of the population might be reduced to a condition of chronic ill-health. Undoubtedly the ravages of malaria would have direful effects in a new country—the present condition of Mauritius, for example, bears striking testimony to this—and it must be remembered that in the fourth century B.C. the disease, when once introduced, would run an unchecked course, for we know enough of Greek pathology to perceive that while symptoms were closely observed, ætiology was founded upon superstition and treatment was forced to be empirical.

Mr. Jones considers it quite likely that malaria played its part in the downfall of the Roman Empire also, and here to some extent he is on surer ground. The prevalence of malaria in Italy as early as 50 A.D. is proved by excellent clinical descriptions, while allusions in Plautus and Terence some two hundred years previously are more than suggestive of the fact that the disease was introduced at a much earlier date. It is, of course, open to any one to hold that the Roman authors, whose imitation of Greek forerunners was so close, made references to malaria in their works because they found such references in their models; but this is not a very convincing explanation. A Roman audience would not be disposed to be interested or amused by allusions to an incomprehensible and unrealisable malady—and it is almost certain that the Romans were malarious as a nation before the Roman Empire had reached its absolute height. And this being the case, it is at least arguable that a physique and a *morale* vitiated by a tainted circulation played a part in the great break-up of the world-empire of the Cæsars. "Malaria made the Greek weak and inefficient," says Mr. Jones, "it turned the sterner Roman into a bloodthirsty brute." If *Μελαγχολία* produced crossness, *atra bilis* made its victims mad, is his explanation of the lurid picture of life in the first century A.D. as described by Juvenal; and at this point we must leave his theory to speak for itself. It explains almost too much if it is true, and, if only for this reason, requires more support than the author's careful and erudite searching of the literary authorities has been able to give it. But we have nothing but praise for the way in which the author has put forward his views. He is clear and brief. He has obtained the high support of Professor Ronald Ross and Dr. G. G. Ellett for the scientific plausibility of his main surmise, and he does not labour any of his points unduly.

We wonder whether the historians of the present day are preparing to supply the readers of posterity with more accurate and comprehensive details of public health than older writers had it in their power to do. To appraise the part played by malaria in the decay of the Greek and Roman powers is for us to-day merely an amusing problem, and a good deal of the interest comes from the fact that

the clues are obscure and that free play must be allowed to guessing. No blame whatever attaches to early historians for the scantiness of their allusions to the influences of disease; they could not say anything for certain because their knowledge of biology was so slender. And even in comparatively modern days the historian may be excused for having given no detailed attention to public health questions. The whole study of public health in a scientific and systematic manner is of modern origin, and until recently there were no sources from which trustworthy information could be drawn. The world, therefore, has not lost much by the absence from its historical records of any attempt to deal with biological questions; it is fairly certain that the historian who made efforts in this direction would have proved obscure and misleading. But all this is changed now, and the scope of history will have to change also. The highly civilised nations keep elaborate records of their vital statistics, and medical knowledge is at their service to enable them to do this with accuracy. We know the incidence of disease upon races, and the fatality of its various forms; we know the results of geological surveys and of meteorological observation. Moreover, in the countries where civilisation has hardly reached this pitch, active campaigns against disease are being carried on mainly on behalf of colonisers, and in these places all the physical conditions are made the subject of anxious investigation, owing to the growing appreciation of the fact that upon the possibility of labour being applicable under sanitary conditions depends much of the value of the country as a possession. Undoubtedly the public health of a nation has always played an enormous part in its development or its retrogression, but hitherto exact information has been wanting by which we could gauge its influence. This information is now obtainable, and the serious historian should take it into account, or he may lose sight of a contributing cause to many of the effects which he describes.

### TROUTING, A PERSUASIVE AND A FINGER-POST

*In the Land of Beautiful Trout.* By A. T. JOHNSON.  
(T. N. Foulis, 2s. 6d. net.)

*The Trout-Waters of England.* By W. M. GALLICHAN.  
(T. N. Foulis, 2s. 6d. net.)

How little it takes to set the angling appetite pugging! The interminable craving for moving waters and their mysterious indwellers is stronger than a drunkard's thirst or a drug habit. Here is a bit of a book in green with a gilt boy on the cover. It has the murmur of waters about it, and in spite of split infinitives and occasional lapses into the sham precious style, it has enough of the angling camithier within it to bring back memories of bends and pools and tugged lines, and triumph to the reader, especially if he is one of the inner brotherhood, to whom "fishing is a sort of solemn sacrament and withdrawal from the world, just as the aged read their Bibles." In that case he will feel that allusions to gun-barrels and hounds are a sort of flippant impertinence. What has he to do with a confused noise and garments rolled in blood? Still, if he reads on, he will be pacified, and if he does not oil his wheels and test gut casts and ask for his thick boots to be greased when he gets to the last chapter he will assuredly have got a touch of senile decay about him:

In September early summer returns again. The earth is born anew. Fresh flowers spring upon the graves of those which are dead. The old turf, cracked and scarred, hard as the very roads, becomes friable and moist.

The September trout also grow young and eager again, and what is more, they take the flies of the early season gladly, and take them wet. The blue dun, the cowdung fly, and the March brown dance back into favour. If a man unhappily missed the spring waters, he can still snatch at the same delights for a little space in September, and

only then. The bird of time is on the wing. Make haste. Next year we may be hanged, sent to the hulks, or condemned to watch for Germans in Norfolk, and so miss the spring fishings; besides, there are diseases, business, and other rod-breaking misfortunes. Just as he has made the inevitable resolution to redeem the time by angling all his days of rest, just as he has braved his wife's reproaches and the disappointment of would-be hosts, comes Mr. Walter Gallichan with a similar book, only this time the boy is green against a gilt sky; and the contents of this work are most opportune. They tell one where to go, to whom to apply for permits, what fees are charged, what hotels provide streams, and what sized fishes may be expected. As a matter of fact, the half is not told. There are many small streams untouched by this book which give delicate delights to the wooer of trout, but the information seems trustworthy, and the book is so small that it goes into a jacket-pocket. The fly-leaf contains true effigies of two dozen Hardy-tied flies, rather puzzling to the reader, for they seem selected upon no principle which can be guessed, unless it be Mr. Gallichan's own luck—his amulets as it were; but the text does not read so, for the blue upright and spiders seem to be his familiar friends. The same may be said of the loch flies at the end. Perhaps they are merely advertisements. Mr. Gallichan would do a great service to anglers if he would write a similar book about Ireland, but he must remember that a table of contents is no substitute for an index. If a short synopsis of ways and means were made about Ireland it would encourage people to go there, and prevent the unhappy tourist from blundering into forbidden or useless ways. It would direct a cheerful stream of half-crowns into the tattered breeches of Mike and Pat, and it would encourage the local people to make the most of their splendid waters. Another small book on Irish sea-fishing, and a third on Irish pike-fishing would be useful in the same edition. There is something horrible about some of these closed English waters. For instance, in the Ivel district we learn that even "artists are not allowed to sketch or paint," and from the Hampshire streams come unpleasant tales of greed, insolence, and Philistinism, which the author does not tell us, of urchins haled before the justices for dangling crumbs on bent pins over village culverts, of spies, and trumped-up cases, of young gentlemen born and bred upon the banks of streams they were never allowed to tackle for an hour, of heavy plutocratic lunatics who dismissed officials because their own skill did not suffice to take one trout out of ten thousand present. It is to be feared the enemy will say that the co-operative sport of fox-hunting, where the sweep on his moke and the Duke on his splendid steed are alike welcome, is a nobler art, for it is incompatible with that churlish and mean spirit, that greedy, gudgeonly, suspicious character, which is sometimes shown by these combinations of anglers. Thus the finest of the sports will be derided and the literary man's recreation be belittled by the ill-humours of rogues, who are anglers only in externals and have none of the ornaments of the meek and quiet literary spirit which belongs to Waltonians.

### A PLAY AND A POEM

*Warp and Woof.* A Drama in Three Acts. By EDITH LYTTLTON. (Fisher Unwin.)

*Mathilde.* A Play. By ADOLPHUS ALFRED JACK. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)

It would be hard to discover two plays more remote in subject, more unlike in style, more diverse in treatment than the two mentioned above. So widely different are they, indeed, that the only reason for considering them together is that they form very definite types of the old and the new in drama.

Mrs. Lyttelton's play has been seen on the London stage with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the chief part. It is always difficult to decide whether a play that reads well will act



well, and this difficulty, we should think, judging by the number of failures which are bewailed periodically, is common to almost every manager. We ourselves, unfortunately, did not see "Warp and Woof," but we can certainly believe that it would make an excellent acting play, notwithstanding the fact that it belongs, presumably, to the "drama of ideas," of which so much has been said at various times. Perhaps it would not have been written but for Mr. Shaw's plays and "conversations," and the other serious and remarkable plays produced under the Vedrenne-Barker management. The "idea" is, indeed, an unpromising one for a play, with Labour and Luxury for protagonists and a West-end showroom for arena. You are introduced to a tribe of fitters, dressmakers, show-women, and work-girls at the fashionable establishment of Madame Stéfanie, who, by the way, speaks English with a Frenchified manner to disguise her Stepney nativity. It is the height of the "season," and Madame Stéfanie's staff are working day and night to meet the whims of ladies who will not order their frocks until the moment before they are wanted. All the girls are tired out, and one of them faints now and then, thereby provoking an unseemly spirit of rebellion in her devoted sister. The imperious and urgent ladies themselves appear on the scene, with Percy Wilson, a parasite, and Lord Lickwood, who is in love with one of Stéfanie's customers, or patrons, before he is free of his entanglement with another—to wit, Lady Jenny Barkstone. Lady Jenny has hastened from Egypt, alarmed at the prospect of losing Lickwood ("eldest son of a duke—tall, strong, and stupid"), and insists, really *insists*, on having a new gown the same evening for a fancy-dress ball. So the poor "hands" are harried and worried and compelled to work feverishly at the behest of Lady Jenny. The fainting girl faints, her sister rebels, the Government Factory Inspector appears (having been apprised by the same rebellious sister), and confusion invades the busy haste of the workroom. But Lady Jenny gets her dress all the same, it being pinned on by the she-revolutionary (why not Suffragist?), who has no sooner finished an admirable tirade upon the wrongs of the workroom than she is told of her sister's death. With this, and the escape of the eldest son of a Duke from his sad entanglement, the play ends.

How cleverly Mrs. Lyttelton has managed it all may be gathered from the fact that, despite the curious untowardness of the subject (of the treatment of which we have endeavoured to give a fair account), her play is readable, brisk, alive. We fancy it would, indeed, be far better seen than read, but even a reading gives a clear hint of real dramatic power and a certain theatrical skill. Let us hope that with her next essay in playwriting Mrs. Lyttelton will give her purely social sympathies a rest and her art a chance.

Of Mr. Jack's "Mathilde" it is perhaps easier to write. Browning, Swinburne, Yeats, among the moderns, appear here and there in the verse or characters, and among the older dramatic poets Webster. "Stand off! There is a dizzying in my ears. I hear you," cries Mr. Jack's "Mathilde"—a line that surely was heard near Webster's grave. This play is a carefully, cleverly wrought thing, of much beauty and small effectiveness. Its excellences and defects are probably equally well indicated by saying that the impulse is rhetorical (using the word, of course, in an inoffensive sense) rather than dramatic. Apparently Mr. Jack understands the craft of verse well enough, but the craft of the theatre not so well. There are many fine images and splendid lines; there is not one thoroughly effective and powerful scene; and we humbly submit that the business of a play is more with strong dramatic impulses and appeals than with gleaming lines and brilliant metaphors. We say this with the more freedom inasmuch as Mr. Jack does not declare his play to be unplayable and unintended for the stage, after the fashion of some other writers of poetic drama. Take him, however, at his best, and you find much to be thankful for. That is a fine human passage in which the Regent confesses his momentary, involuntary cowardice:

The secrets each man keeps of his own soul,  
If in a black night he has ever started  
When a hare crossed his path; or, sitting alone,  
When he does fear, because there is the stillness,  
Its opposite, a noise; feared it unheard,  
Unborn, no syllable in the silence  
Which yet ere dawn must end; feared the first sound  
Of the awakening world, or, suddenly waked,  
To hear the spider crawl, his heart to beat  
With terrible distinction. . . . .

We will not quote the whole passage, for the remaining lines illustrate rather too plainly the danger of this peculiarly "modern" verse. Such verse, indeed, demands for its successful use a more assured and unfaltering instinct than Mr. Jack possesses—judging by a line such as:

I had forgot there is here at this Board;

or this:

Whom you in your irresistible beauty counted;

or:

I should walk free in men's opinion, and delighted.

Once, forgetting what is due to an opening line, he begins an act with:

That letter that I left upon that table.

We fear we must say that Mr. Jack, notwithstanding a certain rapidity and vehemence of expression, is not yet sufficiently master of his medium to achieve an entirely satisfactory poem; and we do not find that he has the special gifts essential for the writing of a really capable play.

## TRANQUIL TALES

*The Open Window.* By "BARBARA." (Macmillan, 6s.)

THERE are uneasy hours in life when it is borne in upon us irresistibly that, after all, Art and Letters and the 'ologies are very insignificant, that "there be many things that increase vanity," and that the finest book in the world is a railway time-table. Subsequently, perhaps, the main consideration becomes that we should land on some shining little beach and fill our pockets with curious shells whose names we don't want to know; or, with a book, lie among the heather on the sunny side of a granite tor; or walk through a certain steep cornfield where we remember a ridge of poppies ought to be flaunting their red banners against a blue sky. At such times one's hold on the cosmos of literature must be slackened; we want no mining for priceless information in tomes whose every page when turned raises a breeze that flutters the papers on the next table; we wish for neither the bare skull and crossbones of tragedy nor the tuneless jingle of the jester's bells. Some calm, gentle presentation of a corner of existence strange to us, lacking neither literary savour nor the salt of humour, we feel would be just the thing; and few there be who can supply that need nowadays.

"Barbara" (Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright) seems to be one of the few, and her latest book, "The Open Window," is one of the few good things in the way of print that come to us from America. She has twelve little stories to tell, and she allots one to each month, naming them in subtitles, "January—the Hard Moon," "February—the Coon Moon," "March—the Moon of Snow Blindness," and so on; a harmless affectation, perhaps, since the tales are connected only by the scene of all being the same country township; totally different characters appear in each. They recall in their general tone "The Choir Invisible" of James Lane Allen, although the prose is on a lower level. To read them requires no great effort of concentration, and an interruption brings no fierce desire to slay the interrupter; but they are straightforward, simple, and sane, and two of them, at any rate, are worthy of Björnson in clearness and strength.

To set forth in an attractive manner the incidents of life in this scattered New England town, whose scenery and interests must be so strange to very many English readers, demands a power of elimination and discrimination which

we should probably realise more fully if we endeavoured to portray the happenings of a year in Dorking or Stoke Poges to a citizen of Washington, U.S.A., and the essential quality of this book comes from the fact that hardly a sentence could be satisfactorily blue-pencilled. The descriptions are never lengthy; more often than not they consist of single phrases set right into the story, so that the two or three examples we can give must seem rather disconnected:

All through the month the garden, thriftily trimmed, and covered according to its need, refused to sleep in peace, and thrust forth its surprises. One day it was a pansy peeping from beneath a box-bush, then a dozen sturdy Russian violets for the man's buttonhole, that, fading in an hour, were outlived by their perfume, while on the very eve of Christmas itself the frosted wallflowers yielded a last bouquet, just a bit pinched and drawn like reduced gentlefolks of brave heart, whose present garb is either cherished or overlooked from a half-reminiscent pleasure in their society.

Spring rushed toward the ear that evening more swiftly than to the eye. There were yellow tassels of fragrant spice-bush in moist, warm hollows, echoing in tint the winter-flowering witch-hazel; wands of glistening willow outlined the waterways, and the red glow of life lay upon the swamp maples; but only the eyes of the wise might hope to find the hiding-places of the white and rather blue hepaticas, or the nooks deep in the hemlock woods where the wax-pink arbutus distilled fragrance from the leaf-mould.

May was withdrawing her veil, woven of apple-blossoms in a green mist of unfolding leaves, to reveal June's young splendour.

Of the twelve stories, that of Jim Bradley, the "conductor on the milk freight that fussed and fumed its way down the valley of the Moosatuck every evening," will probably appeal most widely. Jim, whose love-making with Miranda Banks has to be done at intervals when his train is side-tracked for an express, is quite a character, and his declaration is capably written:

A sudden vision of a home other than a caboose, with meals taken at *depôt* restaurants, blazed comet-like across his firmament in a way that startled—no, fairly frightened him. That night the time passed so quickly that they were obliged to hurry up hill at a pace that left Miranda flushed and with no breath for speech as she opened the narrow storm-door to the back porch, and swinging her lantern on a peg turned to take the basket.

Jim Bradley looked at the girl, whose cape hung about her neck by a single fastening, its hood that she had pulled up for her head-covering falling back so that the glorious hair that was usually plastered and twisted into the subjection fitting a school-marm, was loosed and fell into its natural curves and waves. Then he looked out into the dark to where one of his brakemen was waving the "time up" signal-lantern furiously. Buttoning his short coat with the air of making all snug and fit that a man might have who was about to face some new and dangerous situation, he stepped into the porch so quickly that Miranda was caught betwixt him and the inner door at the moment when she had raised her arms to smooth her ruffled hair.

"I want to tell you something right up and out," he said, also breathing hard from his run up hill. "That pie was the best I ever closed teeth on, better even than ever the old lady made, and she took three prizes for mince-pie running at the Oldfield Fair." Then, before Miranda's arms could drop, Jim had grasped her in a swift but complete embrace, landing a kiss at random that all the same fell squarely upon her lips, and fled down hill through the night without another word.

But the best thing in the book, from a literary point of view, is undoubtedly "The Immigrants." It is simple enough. A Russian workman who, through an indiscreet word, is spied upon, has crossed the Atlantic alone, and settled in the village to make a home for his wife and children. This is merely the sketch of his home-making, and the account of the meeting at the railway station when, after seven years, the family come out to join him, but it is well-nigh perfect. Ivan, forgetting, has bought a toy for the little one he left behind, only to find the child a well-grown boy:

Once at the house Ivan and Maria wandered through the rooms, hand in hand, smiling shyly, and then laughing with pleasure. As Maria stopped before the little mirror to unwrap her head and set the hairpins Ivan snatched up the jingling toy and thrust it

in the mantel closet, for somehow it wounded him to think of his mistake. But Maria cautioned him not to break it, saying: "It may be useful yet, who knows? Ah, who knows anything?"

Having found so much to praise, we must admit that there are several minor faults. Often the sentences read awkwardly by reason of unfortunate suspensions. Here is an instance:

It was an October morning when Lavinia Cortwright and I drove up into the hill country with father, who went to see a woman who had applied for a free bed in the Bridgeton hospital, an aunt of Miranda Banks', she afterwards proved to be.

Proof-reading should have corrected this. The punctuation is peculiar in many places, and on p. 47 the omission of a comma gives a ludicrous turn to the statement:

The words were reasonable, but the voice was hard, and the pointed white fingers, heavy with rings that seemed to touch the table-top lightly, but in reality supported the swaying figure, were tense and cold.

In "December—the Moon of Snowshoes" occurs a use of the word "rarely" in the sense of "exceptionally," which may be an Americanism:

That Waldsen was rarely intelligent, and added to their home life, was also an advantage.

In the dialogue there is some rather stilted talk on several occasions:

We will not go home; I am tired of shade and the pent feeling of the lowlands; let us go back up to the hilltop in the open, where one may see, hear, and breathe broadly, openly.

The shadow of Sandford and Merton seems to fall across that. But these are small blemishes, comparatively, on a book whose charm is equable and restful. We have described it as an "outdoor" book, since it is written eminently from the outdoor point of vantage, and its authoress has made a name by her "garden" books and her studies of American bird and animal life; but a good book can be read at any season, and in this case the balance sways heavily toward the favourable side.

## THE LEIPZIG CAMPAIGN

1813. *The Leipzig Campaign*. By COLONEL F. N. MAUDE, C.B. (late R.E.). (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 5s. net.)

WE welcome this addition to the "Special Campaign" series, of which it is the seventh volume. Colonel Maude has sketched with a master-hand the events of the tragic campaign of 1813, which practically sealed the fate of the First Empire.

The Introduction opens with a quotation from Guibert, one of the ablest military writers of his day—words in which he predicted the coming of the great Napoleon:

Alors, un homme s'élèvera, peut-être resté jusque-là dans la foule et l'obscurité, un homme qui ne se sera fait un nom ni par ses paroles, ni par ses écrits; un homme qui aura médité dans le silence, un homme enfin qui aura peut-être ignoré son talent, qui ne l'aura senti qu'en l'exerçant, et qui aura fort peu étudié.

They describe Napoleon to the letter—he had not studied much, he had not thought much, he had simply *done things*.

The world ever since has continued to ask, What was the true secret of his power of execution?

Clauswitz, the keenest military critic, failed to shed light on the Napoleonic secret and the deeds of his most distinguished pupil, Von Moltke, show no sign of its appreciation.

Colonel Maude insists that in this campaign of 1813 Napoleon is revealed to us at his best and at his worst, and bids us face the question whether he himself was at all times conscious of his own secret:

Were his successes the outcome of mental processes, or did they spring from the impulses of intuitive genius? Was the mind that executed the brilliant manoeuvres which culminated on the field of Lützen the same as that which remained hesitating in pitiful indecision during the crisis of events around Dresden, and then again rose to a climax of grandeur in the movements by which he finally brought a nearly two to one numerical superiority on to the decisive point of the battlefield of Leipsic?



While we now wonder what was the nature of the troops of the Napoleonic era, their courage, intelligence, and aptitude for war generally, Colonel Maude reminds us that, though armaments progress and the scientific inventions applicable to war, though the education of the masses is certainly higher than a century ago:

The ultimate nature of man has varied very little indeed, and it is this which counts essentially in war.

He reminds us too that the object of military discipline, the direct consequence of centuries of experience, is to ensure that "the resultant thought wave" of a mass of men acts in the direction of self-sacrifice, not of self-preservation.

And so from this Introduction, full of human insight, we pass to the history itself. A chapter is devoted to the Prussian Army in 1813, and then another to the French Army of the same year. And we are taken back to the Seven Years' War and Frederick the Great's wonderful army and masterly tactics—as executed by that army against the enemies it had to meet. Then we are shown the decline of Frederick's system, due to economic considerations, and how the moral of the army fell with the system. On pp. 13, 14, and 15 is quoted a splendid reprimand addressed by Frederick to a regiment of cavalry—a terrible indictment of the financial probity as well as the sense of duty of its officers. On the afternoon of October 14th, 1806, upon the plains of Jena the Army of Frederick the Great ceased to exist; beaten not for any fundamental defect in their tactical training, but

Because their Generals, grown old in the traditions of the Seven Years' War, had never realised that the mobility of an Army is not so much a question of how fast men can swing their legs along a road, but of how long it takes their leaders to decide along which road they shall march. (P. 17.)

And quoting again from the following page:

After Jena there followed a series of consequences, the absolutely inevitable results which must everywhere ensue when a nation, having lost touch with the realities of life, forgets that war is a necessary incident in its evolution which cannot be evaded by refusing to recognise its existence.

Let our par-blind Peace party of to-day bear these lessons in mind.

Then after the Peace of Tilsit comes a reawakening of Prussia and the beginning of the system that in Moltke's hands won the splendid victories of 1866 and 1870. Napoleon limited the Prussian Army to 42,000. Every device was employed to evade this Napoleonic decree, and in August, 1811, the Prussians had actually 74,000 trained men. Prussia was forced into an alliance with Napoleon against Russia in 1812.

Up to the outbreak of the French Revolution the French Army had been on a voluntary basis. Then with the Revolution came Jourdan's Law of Conscription, which

Formed the whole foundation for Napoleon's subsequent career, for no other ruler in Europe could afford "to expend 30,000 men a month," as he brutally expressed it.

We are given the history of the tactical training of the army until, with the growth of the Army Corps, decentralisation begins:

Which, by an enormous economy in time gave the French armies their great superiority in mobility over all others—on which, in turn, the early strategy of Napoleon was principally based.

In this introduction to the French Army Colonel Maude admits us to much of the inner mind of Napoleon as it seems revealed to him; and "Napoleon's Battle Tactics," on p. 44, is a very realistic piece of writing, and we read:

Then began a struggle of will-power between the opposing leaders, in which Napoleon invariably won because of his innate gift of command. For the time being he ceased to be open to the play of human sympathy. His best regiments might die in the ranks as they stood, his most trusted leaders might clamour for reinforcements, but nothing touched him until the moment came when his instinct told him that "the battle was ripe," as he expressed it, and the psychic force (which really wins battles) was waning faster in his opponents' ranks than in his own.

On March 16th, 1813, King Frederick William at Berlin

published a proclamation denouncing the French alliance, and a combination of Prussia and Russia was formed against Napoleon. Marshal Prince Blücher commanded the Prussian Army, General Wittgenstein the Russian. On May 1st, 1813, Napoleon was at the head of 226,000 men with 457 guns, divided into two armies—the army of the Main under himself, the army of the Elbe under his son-in-law, Prince Eugène. Even Napoleon was not proof against family pressure, and we read a series of scathing reprimands addressed to Prince Eugène until his final removal from his command.

The victory of Lützen evokes from Colonel Maude some effective battle-painting, and he shows us there Napoleon at his greatest as a leader of men. And then there was the Battle of Bautzen; a victory again, but neither Lützen nor Bautzen were crushing blows to the allies. Not a single trophy had been taken in either. An armistice succeeded Bautzen, for which Napoleon had been criticised. But Colonel Maude shows how terribly the French Army had suffered from sickness and the urgent need of reinforcements. These were hurried up, the conscripts being drilled on the line of march; and so, with a little sacrifice of time, drilled soldiers reached the Emperor instead of raw recruits.

The end of the armistice found a still more formidable combination against Napoleon. Austria had joined the allies, and an army of Scandinavians under Bernadotte were in North Prussia.

The allies' armies were as follows:

The Austrian in Bohemia..... 242,000 men

Prussian, 192,000 } Army of Silesia 488,000 men

Russian, 296,000 }

With Bernadotte in the North ..... 26,000 men

Napoleon disposed of close on 700,000 men.

The chances were very open. The French Army's first asset was Napoleon himself, and then the Marshals were so accustomed to war and its chances that they "played the game" on a mere indication from their chief.

The allies had the great defect of dispersed responsibility. The Army of Bohemia was commanded by Marshal Prince Schwartzemberg, who had won the compliment that Napoleon had, when Austria was his ally, asked that he should command the Austrian Army. Blücher was named chief of the Army of Silesia, a nomination which was much criticised. He was a hard drinker, a hard swearer, and very illiterate. But he had an electric appeal to his soldiers, by whom he was much beloved, and of whom, with all his roughness, he took a fatherly care. The letter in which he rightly refused to reinforce the Army of Bohemia, and so leave open to Napoleon a road to Berlin, is a real curiosity of orthography, construction, and grammar, but it leaves no doubt as to the Marshal's meaning.

The allies had more numerous cavalry than Napoleon, and their cavalry was certainly better than the French; and the Prussian Army, though many of them were Landwehr with but little training, were animated with a spirit of burning loyalty, a reawakened nationalism.

The turn of the tide against Napoleon began with the battle of Katzbach, when Blücher's young soldiers, their muskets too wet for effective use, overwhelmed the French by their impetuous assault, and won the day with cold steel.

Then followed the defeat of Oudinot by Bernadotte at Grosz-beeren in the North, Desden, and Kulm. Napoleon's resolution seemed to have failed at last under repeated disaster, and from sheer exhaustion. Still, at Leipsic his combinations were very masterly, though they did not stave off defeat.

Napoleon lost this campaign (Colonel Maude calls it "strategically his most successful") because he did not recognise the necessity of studying the

Very soul of a nation, and realising the difference that a really burning patriotism can make in the efficiency of an army.

For long times he had driven before him the long-service

veteran soldiers of Europe, but the backbone of the three armies were the short-service lads of an awakened Prussia. Trampled under foot by himself, the call had come again, and the nation rose in arms. Colonel Maude takes hope from this campaign for the prospects of our Territorials should the time of trial come for them. We join him in fervent hope. But we bear in mind that Prussia—not awakening anew, but now very wide awake—relies on no half-trained troops.

Colonel Maude's marginal notes are very serviceable, and, read carefully, those printed in italics, they contain a very full epitome of the philosophy of war.

The volume is equipped with an ample supply of good maps.

## CARDUCCI AND HEINE

*Poems by Carducci.* With an Introduction and Translations. By MAUD HOLLAND. (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

*Heine's Book of Songs.* Translated by J. TODHUNTER. (Oxford, 3s. 6d.)

WE should be thankful to Miss Maud Holland for this heroic attempt. The thousands of young ladies who, grimly determined to improve their minds, learn enough Italian to read a canto of the *Inferno*, or a chapter of "I promessi Sposi," will, we hope, be reminded by this work that Manzoni is not the last word, not even the *dernier cri*, in Italian literature. We laugh at foreigners for their Byronism; it would be good for us to read what Carducci says about "Manzonismo."

Miss Holland has given a sympathetic introductory study of Carducci, clear and interesting, though not at all profound. A most admirable feature of the book is the inclusion of the original Italian, which is printed opposite the English. The selection is fair; the opening poem is long, dull, and curtailed by no less than sixteen verses. It would have been better to have translated more of the shorter pieces. More serious than this will appear to many a lover of Carducci the strange omission of "Ruit Hora," that faultless yet ardent poem of Love in the "desirable green solitude," classical in virtue of its Roman metre, its quiet strength, its invocation to Layaëus, romantic in its landscape—a flaming eve, with songs through the pinewoods, and mysterious plaints arising from the sea. This wonderful combination is the secret of Carducci's power:

Il sol traguarda basso ne la pergola  
e si rfrange roseo  
nel mio bicchiere: aureo scintilla e tremola  
fra le tue chiome, o Lidia.

("The lowering sun shines slanting through the pergola, and splinters his rosy image in my cup. Gold sparkles and waves among thy hair, O Lidia.")

Swinburne would have made a page of chorus for Atalanta out of the thoughts and colours of this quatrain. It is difficult enough, even in prose, to translate "traguarda" and "rfrange." The citation of these four lines should show the terrible difficulty of translating this poet and lead us to sympathise with Miss Holland. Yet, ungracious as it is to say so, the translation is very poor. True, it is tolerably accurate, though why "aurei spallini" in the "Feste ed oblii" should be translated "painted stands" I cannot tell. Again, though a translation in careful prose would have been far more satisfactory reading, yet the spacing out of the lines in verse makes the sense easier to follow if one uses the English as a guide to the Italian. But the authoress should have bethought herself that Carducci—in many respects so similar to Horace and Catullus—almost outdoes them in difficulty. Minute scholarship would be needed to make a satisfactory prose-translation, and even Professor Robinson Ellis would be aghast if he had to turn the rugged *Odi Barbari* (as Carducci quaintly called his songs in Latin metres) into English sapphics and alcaics. We can find no lines to cite from Miss Holland's book that can either stand by themselves as poetry or shadow out the greatness of Carducci.

May we say—at the risk of being thought old-fashioned in everything but courtesy—that it was no woman's work to translate these iron poems of battle, afire with patriotism or acrid with disappointment; still less to infuse English verse with the spirit of Augustan calm. I should imagine that Carducci stands alone in virtue of his concentration and sharp strength of thought in a literature whose pervading vice from Petrarch to D'Annunzio has been a rhetorical fluency for paying extravagant compliments. Carducci could not escape, alive or dead, from a torrent of fulsome eulogy which could not affect his character or his immortal fame. He was without one touch of decadence; he had more joy in life and appreciation of beauty than all the amateurs of æsthetics; and it is hard to forget the significant and scornful prelude to his funeral discourse on Garibaldi—"Non plaudite: i vostri plausi suonano male."

The resemblance and contrast between Heine and Carducci could be made the subject of a long essay. Both of them were troubled by the fatal facility of their languages, for as Mr. Todhunter well remarks in his introduction, it is easier to write good and simple verse than good and simple prose in an unflected language like German, which renders rhyme so easy. Heine, like Carducci, attempted unrhymed verse in order to strengthen his work, but his verse was irregular in metre and on the whole not so successful. The subjects and themes of Heine's poetry also presented pitfalls. He used all the commonplaces of Romantic teutonism—the pale bleeding phantom lady in the dark and dismal castle, hammering the inevitable "Totensarg" for her querulous lover; he talks in dreams and sighs or lets us hear the satiric laughter of the mountain gnomes, and the Kobolds squatting in the pinewoods. He felt that this sweet nonsense was apt to cloy, and he employs this gnome-laughter to parody the rest.

Let us at once say that this translation is as good as a verse translation of nearly three hundred pages of subtle lyrics can ever hope to be. It is marvellously close, and though it is not often poetry it reads well. Take as an example these dainty lines from the *Lyrical Intermezzo*:

Since my Love has loved me not  
How to laugh I've quite forgot.  
Many a dullard airs his wit,  
But I cannot laugh at it.

Since my Love has proved untrue  
I have given up weeping too;  
Grief my heart has well-nigh split,  
But I cannot weep for it.

Alas, however, that the translator cannot avoid those two inversions!

The translator has very wisely rhymed *b* and *d* only in most of the four-line verse where Heine rhymes *a* and *c* as well, and has seldom attempted to reproduce the double rhymes of the German, which are alien to English verse, and give it, as he justly says, the air of a *tour de force*. He thus avoids the slavish stupidity of Bayard Taylor, the meticulous American translator of "Faust." He fails however in his attempts to vary the metre in imitation of the original, and his ship—how could it be otherwise?—is all but wrecked on the Lorelei's fatal rock. But above all he is to be thanked for an obvious sympathy with Heine's humour; he translates the "Amoebeau on Paderborn Heath" excellently. Many official critics—for instance, those in the *Times* and *Daily Mail* Encyclopædias—have with some justice upbraided Heine for having "spoilt" his pretty love-lullabies and dream-pictures. We can appreciate this point of view without going so far as certain Prussian writers, who roundly assert that Heine could not write poetry because he was ungerman, a renegade, a Freethinker, and a Jew. Matthew Arnold was, no doubt, a little severe when he suggested that he had no charm because he wanted Love. One critic feels he has to defend him for leaving Germany, where he could not have published another line in security, and for marrying the *griselle* whom he loved faithfully till death released him from that terrible illness which he endured with a courage and cursed with an irony unparalleled in the sad lives of great poets.



## LLOYD-GEORGE, THE BLENHEIM SPANIEL, AND THE HOTEL PORTER

THE spectacle of two diminutive Englishmen—a country solicitor who happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, accompanied by a journalist whom it is no discourtesy to describe as obscure—chasing the wild-goose of German public opinion across the arid plains of Prussia was well calculated to make us laugh; but, as Figaro put it: “*De peur d’être obligés d’en pleurer.*” What was deplorable about it was that at their tails they were dragging in the mire the honour and glory of Old England. It is possible, of course, and quite likely, that they did not know this. It is one of the favourite attitudes of the modern English statesman to know, or to pretend to know, nothing whatever about anything. Quite recently Mr. Haldane, in reply to a question put to him in the House of Commons as to the existence in England of an elaborately-organised system of German espionage, replied that he had “no information upon the subject whatsoever.” This was a most comforting assurance, we are sure, to the great majority of English people, who must have felt that, as Mr. Haldane was drawing a large salary from the nation for keeping himself duly informed upon this and kindred questions, the fact that he knew nothing whatever about it could only prove that there was nothing about it to be known, that such a system of espionage in England had no sort of existence, that England in this respect was uniquely favoured by the German War Office over all the other countries in Europe—thanks to the *beaux yeux* of Mr. Haldane. Now supposing that, as the result of a disaster (most unmerited!), or a series of disasters, befalling the British nation in an armed conflict with Germany—(Do not speak of it!)—it should turn out that for years past Germany has honeycombed Great Britain with her spies, that every British port is overrun with young Germans, all trained soldiers, ready at the word of command, and the moment that war is declared between the two countries, or a few moments before, to wreak, at the risk of their own lives—(You do not say so!)—the utmost damage and mischief possible, to throw old-standing disorganisation into new and more paralysing confusion, what will the English public then have to say to eminent statesmen who draw large salaries but have “no information whatsoever”? In the case of Mr. Lloyd-George, it should, perhaps, be urged, in mitigation of any charge that the future may have in reserve against him, that his admission of ignorance, of being, like his Ministerial colleague, “without any information whatsoever,” was accompanied by a laudable effort to learn. But if the desire was laudable, what can be said about the manner of its accomplishment? Does this little country solicitor imagine for one moment that his trip into Germany has, or ever could under the most favourable circumstances have, informed him as to the feelings or the intentions of the mass of the German people towards this country? “What surprises us,” said his companion and secretary to a newspaper correspondent, “is that most of the Germans we have talked to seem to think that the British Fleet is not twice, but three times as strong as the German.” Does not this show that the pair must have addressed themselves to Germans who were either singularly ignorant of the most generally known facts, or had a most offensive faith in the capacity for two Englishmen to be fooled? Can any one in his senses suppose that the exact relative strength of the British and German Fleets, as to which there is no secret, is not known to any German whom a British Minister could, with any self-respect, have consulted or conversed with? Probably the porter of Mr. Lloyd-George’s hotel opined that the British Fleet was at least five times stronger than the German; but then he would have been looking forward to a tip. This would not be the first time, by the way, that weight has been given to the views of a Berlin hotel-porter in the columns of the London Press. Perhaps we are maligning this

particular porter. But, in any case, it is more than likely that on the subject of the British Fleet, let alone the German Fleet, the Chancellor of the Exchequer might have learned in Germany something that he did not know before, had any well-informed German Naval expert thought it worth while to converse with him. We have it on his own confession that the people that he talked with were even more ignorant than himself, and that what his companion called “our mission,” which was apparently to make “a business proposition” to Germany that she should yield to England the eternal sovereignty of the sea, so as to save expense, that she should settle this ruinous litigation out of court, each side to pay its own costs, that the two contending parties should meet one another halfway—*diviser la poire*—all this mission failed, this mission of compromise and peace, this projected *chef d’œuvre* of international pettifoggery. Poor little country solicitor! We are as far as ever from knowing what are the real intentions of the opposing party. We must go on with the case. The real sentiment of the Germans and their military secrets cannot be ascertained even by a trained lawyer in the course of a motor-car drive from Hamburg to Berlin. To Great Britain the sole tangible result of the “mission” is an increase in the bill of costs as between solicitor and client. The moral consequence is that the Germans have received gratuitously a magnificent object-lesson in the futility of British statesmanship, and the curious ignorance of the current conditions of life by which it is mainly inspired. Nor were they treated to a solitary example. A short time before Mr. Lloyd-George’s arrival in Berlin Mr. Winston Churchill had publicly declared that he did not believe there were ten thousand people in Germany who were in favour of a war with Great Britain. A writer in the *Echo de Paris*, commenting upon this statement, discreetly pointed out that the German Navy League numbered over a million adherents, three-fourths of whom had been in favour of General Keim’s policy, which was avowedly anti-British. Mr. Winston Churchill’s excuse of course is that, like his colleagues Mr. Haldane and Mr. Lloyd-George, he has upon this, and cognate topics “no information whatsoever.” When the French went to war with Germany in 1870 the French Minister of War declared that not so much as a gaiter-button was lacking to the equipment of the French troops. In point of fact, the soles of their boots were largely composed of brown paper, and in many respects they were nearly, though not quite, as badly off as the English troops had been in the Crimea, and were afterwards to be in the Transvaal War. But these were deficiencies as to which the French War Minister, just like Mr. Haldane, had “no information whatsoever,” and he was also quite as ignorant on the subject of the espionage system which the Germans had successfully applied in France for years previously. The French Prime Minister, M. Emile Ollivier, declared that he entered upon the war with Germany with a light heart, an attitude which would doubtless have been modified had he been sufficiently well informed as to existing conditions to be able to forecast the future. No one now doubts that the terrible collapse of France in 1870 is to be explained by the fact that she was governed by politicians who were too busy grinding their own axes to have “any information whatsoever” on a majority of questions which were of vital importance to the French nation. Then, as now in England, there was a lack of honesty and organisation in the public service and the people were largely deceived by the empty words of ignorant and pushful men, who cried peace when there was no peace. The Germans are apparently not so easily humbugged. They are not even taken in by fulsome protestations of friendship on the part of oily English politicians, who seem to have no information upon any other subject than that. In point of fact there is a great deal in modern Germany which is hateful to honest Englishmen, and will always be hateful to them, so long as they retain their love of free institutions, of fair-play, and a fine sense of national and individual honour. On the other hand, the honest German has a right to despise (and he exercises it fully) the type of

Englishman who imagines that a "business proposition" will solve all international questions, who makes a cult of compromise and cowardice. While as for the statesmen who have "no information whatsoever," and for these public men who pooh-pooh all thought of danger from international disagreements and jealousies, where, in the day of national disaster, should it ever dawn, will it be possible to find a gallows high enough to hang them on? Merely with such a prospect as this in view they should weigh their words.

## PAGANISM

In a certain company a man once read out some verses from an old hymn. Lest the character of the assembly should be mistaken, it must be said at once that the hymn was not read from a hymn-book, but from an "anthology," which makes all the difference. These are some of the lines that were read:

But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure and such play,  
As that to them a thousand years  
Doth seem as yesterday.  
Thy vineyards and thy orchards are  
Most beautiful and fair;  
Full furnished with trees and fruits,  
Most wonderful and rare.  
Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
Continually are green,  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.  
There's nectar and ambrosia made,  
There's musk and civet sweet;  
There many a fair and dainty drug  
Is trodden under feet.

Many other verses as beautiful as these were read, and when the poem was ended one of the hearers said it was wonderful, "but absolutely pagan." He did not speak in the sense of Mr. Pecksniff on Sirens—"pagan, I regret to say"—he meant that the Christian poet was using imagery to which he had no title, that he was attempting to gild and beautify the dull Christian heaven with all the lovely apparatus of paganism, with the scenic ornament which properly belonged to the world that had not grown grey with the breath of the Galilean. He wished to imply that the writer was like a gentleman standing outside the door of a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon gathering and trying to get you in on the false pretence that the Rite of the Cyprian—if not of the Lampsacene—would be celebrated at 3.30 sharp. Strange to say, there rose no argument on this matter; but I have been wondering ever since that evening how Sylvanus got his notion that beautiful, sensuous images are the peculiar property of paganism as opposed to Christianity; that Christianity, regarded from the high, æsthetic standpoint, is a grim, grey business, chiefly bent on making everybody very uncomfortable by purely negative ethics. I am afraid that "When the wicked man" and "Dearly beloved brethren" have something to do with this misconception. I am sure that Puritanism, with its record of ugliness and general beastliness—see Sir Walter Scott for the use of the latter term—has had a great deal to do with it. But it really is a misconception. To begin with a book which has always been recognised as of palmary authority in Christian Mysticism, is there any more splendid instance of the use of sensuous imagery than that afforded by the Song of Songs?

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.

A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi.

As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.

And, again, in a very different writer one finds such verses as:

O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.

And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.

And in another Prophet we have:

I will be as the dew unto Israel. He shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.

His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon.

They that dwell under his shadow shall return. They shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine. The scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.

The glowing and jewelled splendours of the Apocalypse are too well known to be cited here. So again I wonder at the misconception of the man who thought the imagery of the old hymn "pagan" because it was beautiful and sensuous. For the fact is that the Christian *mythos* is remarkable for its constant and lavish use of all such imagery. The foundations of the Heavenly Syon are of precious stones, and the very splendour of the Divine Presence is shown forth in the symbol of jewels:

And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone: and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

So it is in strict accordance with this sacramental and symbolic and sensuous system that the public service of the Christian Church was devised, following the precedent of the Jewish Ritual. It has been already pointed out by an ingenious writer that those who wish to get the true "pagan effect" must go to Mass, for where else in these days can they see the garlands of flowers, the curtained shrines, the holy images, the burning torches, the aspiring cloud of incense, the vested hierophants, the white dance of the procession? Where else can they hear the music that invokes the gods? And from what has been said it seems clear enough that the modern sects which dispense either in thought or word or deed with this system of sensuous symbolism on one pretext or another have no real title to be called Christians at all. Their religion has lost its "body," as it were, it has become a thin, grey spectre; a ghost, but by no means ghostly, in the old English sense of the term. And for the banishing of this evil, menacing, and ghostly "spook" of true religion it were earnestly to be desired that some all-potent exorcist could be discovered, so that the unclean thing could be dismissed for ever and sent to the depths of the Red Sea!

But there is another error of comparison between Christianity and paganism; an error perhaps commoner than the one that I have noted, almost deserving to be placed in the Academic List of Vulgar Errors. This latter misconception is to the effect that, whereas good Christians are obliged to live very strict lives, good pagans could do exactly as they pleased. This is the laurel, doves, Pæan, and "breasts of the nymph in the brake" view celebrated by Mr. Swinburne. I suppose many people think of paganism as of one long revel; of the faithful pagans as continually engaged in their religious duties of crowning themselves—and everything—with roses, of singing odes in honour of the Nymphs and the Graces, of drinking Falernian wine, and of—well—enjoying themselves in other agreeable fashions. The pagan world is imagined as a vast Abbey of Thelema, where everybody did exactly as he liked, where there were no morals and no rules, and no such words as "no" or "you mustn't" were ever heard. Now, perhaps, I shall be a *petra scandalii* and a *lapis offensionis* to some of my friends, but I must say that I believe that there was very little difference between the average "morals" of an average Greek village in the fifth century before Christ and the average "morals" of an English village of to-day. I say "average" advisedly, since it is my belief that the Catholic Faith offers to those who choose it the clear way of a high sanctity, which the antique Greek faith hardly, or but dimly, dreamed of; and



sanctity presupposes a super-morality, an ethic exalted to an infinite power. The beautiful little tale of "Daphnis and Chloe" belongs to a much later period than that which I have mentioned; but I expect that there are many English parish priests who would be glad if their young people were, on the whole, as innocent as were Daphnis and his Chloe. And if we consider that our villagers have far clearer and more authoritative counsels and guides to follow than had these two charming lovers, I think we shall agree that Devonshire and Norfolk do not altogether shine by the comparison with old Greece. To put the matter shortly—the farmyard was no more the model of the decent Greek than it is of the decent Englishman. No doubt some of the Greek village ceremonies would have sent an English drawing-room into fits and strong convulsions; but an English drawing-room is not the Holy Father, nor is it a General Council; its decree, "We are exceedingly shocked," is not of faith. It would, of course, be simple enough to construct a paganism of the rosy-wine order out of the bad behaviour of vicious people in big cities at a late period, but then these people were not in any true sense pagans. They were atheist debauchees, a class which has abounded in every corrupt and decadent civilisation; but it would be hard enough if we were to judge our own ages of faith by the conduct of the worst people in modern London and Paris, and so one must not take M. Louys's "Aphrodite" as a faithful presentation of pagan life and morals. And even in this late time, even in a much later time, when Apuleius wrote his Twelve Books of Metamorphoses, commonly called The Golden Ass, there were not wanting witnesses to high and ascetic virtue in paganism itself. The ending of the story, which shows how the redeemed Lucius became a vowed priest of some Egyptian cultus, has its note of austerity and purification and solemn ritual observance: there is much more in these last pages than the doctrine of the nymph in the brake and wine and flowers, and do as you like all the day long.

But when one leaves these periods of corruption and decay and practical atheism and goes back to the really representative time of old Greece, the time when the great Greek literature was being produced, it is really difficult to conceive how this utterly nonsensical idea of universal libertinism can have arisen. Let any one read the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, and he will see how far were the true ideals of old Greece from that silly Pantomine Transformation Scene, all artificial flowers and red limes and bare legs, that some of us have devised for ourselves. The doom of fated houses, the doom of pride, the doom of that satanic arrogance that could defy heaven itself, the doom of the Great King who trusted in his hosts and in their arms, the awful decrees of destiny—these were the topics of the dramatists, and one cannot very well conceive that the ears of a race of idle and sensual voluptuaries to whom morals were unknown would be tickled with such austere and dread discourse as this. The great white theatre with the sky above it, the thousands of citizens assembled, the actors "buskined" to more than human height, masked so that no impertinence of mere human emotion should by chance be visible, chanting in a measured song, so that the inadequacy of mere "dramatic" expression should not spoil the great work; beneath them the white chorus solemnly revolving in an antique dance about the altar of the god, chanting also in a monotonous, church-like mode; and a blind Œdipus vanishing away at last into the Holy Grove, into the spiritual world of healing and redemption—all these things make up a picture of old Greece that is strangely different from the Rosy Lubberland of our Neopagans. If one wanted to describe the Attic Drama in a phrase, one might call it the Doctrine of Predestination set to slow music. It would seem, indeed, that a race which could imagine the Avenging Furies possessed of necessity the notion of right and wrong; and, needless to say, this conclusion is supported by evidence of all kinds, and from all quarters. And, quite by the way, it must be remembered that Plato and Aristotle were somewhat

serious people, who are still not without influence in the serious thought of the world.

And there is another consideration which disposes of the popular idea of paganism as mere unregulated sensuality. Mr. Andrew Lang has shown with varied learning and much eloquence that the Greek Mythology and Ritual are barbarous Mythology and Ritual as developed and beautified by a people of high æsthetic gifts; he has shown that we may see the rude origins of classic religion still surviving amongst Australian Blackfellows and suchlike peoples. Whence follows more than might appear; it follows that the Greek was ruled and governed and hemmed in by a complicated and wide-spreading net of observances, of purifications, of ritual customs, of taboos and commands; all of which things were in the way of his doing exactly as he liked all day long. It is agreed by those who know the barbarous races of these days that if such peoples have a different morality and a different code from ours, at least that morality and that code are most rigidly observed; neither a Blackfellow nor a negro can do what he likes under all circumstances. No doubt these, like the Ancient Greeks, have licenses of which we should not approve; but, on the other hand, wild Australia and Central Africa and old Greece have and had laws and observances, prohibitions and ordinances which would have seemed minutely oppressive to a seventeenth-century Scotch Presbyterian. In the old paganism (as in that which survives to-day amongst savages) there were initiations painful to the body and awful to the spirit: before a man was allowed to experience pleasure he was required to prove that he was able to suffer anguish bravely and patiently.

On the whole I am inclined to think that many of those who now praise paganism would not have been really happy if they had lived in Athens. And as for Sparta—!

ARTHUR MACHEN.

## THE EXCELLENCE OF HUMAN NATURE

THE human spirit or essence is on the whole a greatly maligned affair. When men say "That is human nature" they do not always mean compliment, and quite frequently they mean the reverse. Indeed, the modern excuse for peccability and downright obliquity would seem to be "human nature"—which in the lump, say the wise, is a bad lot. For all that there are persons in the world who believe in the ultimate goodness of humanity. Of course, goodness is a quality which some philosophers do not greatly prize. When the critic of humanity wishes in some sort to belaud the species his method is to look rather for greatness than for goodness. Hence it comes to pass that for fifty monuments to greatness you will find one to goodness, and that usually a very little one. Yet we all know in our secret hearts that it is goodness which matters. For while it is not in the power of every man to be great, it is well within the power of every man to be good. And by goodness, of course, it is not necessary that we should mean such-and-such a view of morality and still less such-and-such a view of religion or theology. To be good really is to be human—unwarped, unsoured, and possibly unwise, as the world is supposed to go. And it is not, as we know, to be free from either failing or fault. In our mind the great beauty of human nature, or, as we may say, human goodness, is that when you put it to supreme tests it works out always triumphant, and comes up smiling, as it were. Whether your subject be gentle or simple, cultivated or unlettered, devout or otherwise, this is so. During the week, in an obscure and huddled-away public garden, known because of its propinquity to St. Martin's-le-Grand as the Postman's Park, there have been erected a row of twenty-two tablets to commemorate the self-sacrifice and human goodness, or, as the reporters put it, "heroic deeds" of twenty-two comparatively undistinguished human persons.

The point and meaning of these tablets may be best inferred from the inscriptions which they bear :

Ernest Benning, compositor, aged twenty-two, upset from a boat one dark night off Pimlico Pier, grasped an oar with one hand, supporting a woman with the other, but sank as she was rescued.

William Fisher, aged nine, lost his life in Rodney Road, Walworth, while trying to save his little brother from being run over.

George Frederic Simonds, of Islington, rushed into a burning house to save an aged widow and died of his injuries.

George Lowdell, bargeman, drowned when rescuing a boy at Blackfriars. He had saved two other lives.

Edward Blake, drowned while skating at the Welsh Harp waters, Hendon, in attempting to rescue two unknown girls.

Edward Morris, aged ten, bathing in the Grand Junction Canal, sacrificed his life to help his sinking companion.

Geoffrey Maule Nicholson, manager of a Stratford distillery, George Elliott and Robert Underhill, workmen, successively went down a well to rescue a comrade and were poisoned by gas.

Amelia Kennedy, aged nineteen, died in trying to save her sister from their burning house, Stoke Newington.

Edmund Emery, of 272, King's Road, Chelsea, passenger, leapt from a Thames steamboat to rescue a child and was drowned.

William Donald, of Bayswater, aged nineteen, railway clerk, was drowned in the Lea trying to save a lad from a dangerous entanglement of weed.

Harry Sisley, of Kilburn, aged ten, drowned in attempting to save his brother after he himself had been rescued.

George Blencowe, aged sixteen, when a friend bathing in the Lea cried for help, went to his rescue and was drowned.

Eliza Coghlan, aged twenty-six, of Church Path, Stoke Newington, died saving her family and house by carrying blazing paraffin out into the yard.

Arthur Strange, carman, of London, and Mark Tomlinson, in a desperate venture to save two girls from a quicksand in Lincolnshire, were themselves engulfed.

John Clinton, of Walworth, aged ten, was drowned after an effort to save a playfellow who had fallen into the river.

It will be seen that these noble persons are all of them what certain writers might term "heroes in humble life." Furthermore, quite a number of them were young children. Without wishing in the smallest degree to detract from the honour and excellence which now attaches to their names and memories, it is certain that few people will read these inscriptions and the like of them without reflecting that in similar circumstances nine persons out of ten would do exactly as much as these "heroes" did. It is human to do as much, and it is being continually done. Scarcely a week passes in which the newspapers do not have to record instances of extraordinary, unhesitating, and moving self-sacrifice on the part of human beings without distinction of condition or sex, and even without distinction as to age. Little children can show us, and do show us, how to die when the occasion arises. So do bargemen and carters and labourers and sempstresses and flower-girls and women employed at the backs of theatres. Most of these people are uneducated and unlettered, and they have not been instructed in the philosophies as to death or heroism. Yet they are capable of giving up their lives without so much as a thought, without reflection, as if those lives were of no possible moment, and we know that really they are not

singular or alone in this quality, which in effect is a general and approximately universal human quality. Therefore, we think, it is plain that we have after all ample and sound reasons for being proud of human nature, and for respecting it and believing in it, and being thankful for it. And this being so it would appear to behove us to remember that human nature is a great and creditable affair, not only when we think or write of it, but in our handling or conduct of all the matters of life. The common notion that the common man is of small consequence and not seriously to be considered in the working out of the scheme of the world is a grave and perilous and impertinent error. Take, for example, your rough, unlearned, and, it may be, coarse-mouthed hod-bearer. His place in the order of things is to labour and bear burdens for you; and to encourage contempts for him, no matter how general those contempts may be or how particular they may be, is to fall into grave and serious misconception both with regard to the hod-bearer and oneself. For in that rough-and-ready, hard-swearing, hard-drinking, hard-living, unnotable person you have a potential and for that matter actual embodiment of human goodness and nobility. Happily, a common man, or any other sort of man, is not sure to be called upon to exercise the goodness within him to the point of sacrificing or laying down his life. But when he is so called upon we know that he will make the sacrifice. It is therefore, that he should be considered with respect and treated with respect, and in purveying for him certain spiritual and worldly things which we believe him to require we should bear always in mind his innate nobility, and in no circumstances should we countenance or tolerate the convenient conventional slanders about "human nature." One hears a great deal nowadays about the necessity for "writing down" to the common man. Much endeavour is spent in this direction and much profit seems to attach to it. If we only knew, our real business and difficulty are to write up to him. Our writing should not appeal to what we cynically consider the baser side of him, but simply and solely and always to what we know is the nobler and more excellent side of him. It is impossible really to destroy the greatness and goodness that are rooted in him by reason of his humanity. But to overlook that greatness and goodness and, especially, to deny it and pretend that for practical purposes it is not there, is to make a wanton and scandalous mock of God's handiwork.

## UPON MUSICIANS

THE people who have music may be divided into two classes—the hucksters and the lovers, those who sell their science and those who enjoy it. Few, if any, do both. In fact it is not to be conceived that a real lover of music would consent to teach German exercises and the Overture to "Zampa" in a genteel academy. He would sooner sell potatoes in the street. But the huckster is so nakedly unabashed that he tries to claim for himself a monopoly both of the Art and of the title musician. He is the expert. He dictates to the laity. Taste will die with him. He keeps a cornucopia of scorn and abuse, if you will not admire, *e.g.*, Brahms, to his orders. He has none of the civility of other tradesmen. Instead of being grateful, if you order two and a half yards of Humperdink and a pound of Wagner, for which you are prepared to pay heavy cash down, he does not reel it off, bow and say: "And what will be the next article? Have you sampled our brand of Grieg?" That is what we others expect him to do. But he wants to have all the profits of tailoring with none of its civilities. He wishes to be courted as an artist and paid like the keeper of a glorified hotel. He demands your purse and your reverence too. If he is as nimble-fingered as a pianola itself, if he can make a fiddle out of a frying-pan and draw Hungarian dances from it, yet if he never does these things, save for definite sums, he is rather to be ranked among the tumblers and the acrobats than the artists. These roll barrels nimbly, pile themselves into pyramids, and balance things upon their chins



with great skill for pay. If no pay were forthcoming they would not lift weights, tie themselves in knots, nor leap through hoops. The artist who is coarse-eared enough to teach the fiddle to little Miss, or coach Lieutenant Smith in the banjo, cannot also commandeer our admiration for his porcelain spirit and his fastidious fineness. "Zampa" is no temptation to him, nor Schumann, nor any of the material of his trade, except for pay—is he not a huckster? His barrel may be light; it may be his soul he contorts, but we shall question his claim to be the only musician, possibly his claim to the title at all.

It is the man who makes or reproduces music because he loves it and cannot do otherwise who is the true musician. He does not sell his skill. He possibly does not brag about it. He hangs no gilded harp over his shop. He is careless as the angels themselves whether you listen or do not hear and approve and applaud. He is the musician pure. The others are warped, imperfect, arrested—many of them ought to be arrested, if they are not—undeveloped. Put him on Crusoe's island. He will make himself a lyre, or a glew of bells from oysters, and play the moon down over the sea. He doubts if music can be taught. He waits for no thanks, any more than a sheep waits for thanks before she grows her fleece. He is worth studying, even by those who have no music, or only a few pints of it, in their soul. The first thing to be observed about him is this—that Music belongs to no type of character and forms none. An artist has been cruelly defined as a young man with long hair, loose morals, heavy debts, a velvet collar, and atheistical opinions. More generally he is accounted to be less accountable, less kin, and more kind than the unpainting and prose public. But a musician has no connotation in character. He may be a genius or a finished blockhead. He may be prodigal or cheeseparing, a Cœur de Lion or a confirmed runaway, a saint or the essence of the ordinary, or a putrid-souled mass of corruption. These things may be written in pica in his face, but music will not be written. Let Orpheus himself look at the living crowds. He will not be able to pick out, by the face and outward man, the finished fiddler from the fellow who cannot whistle "Put me among the Girls," and who can be made to stand up and uncover at "God save—Ireland?" If you go into any society you will not be able to detect its musicians until you hear them or about them. Music seems to be like an artesian well rather than as a natural fountain. A flat, ugly bit of clay-pan desert, a deep jungle, a garden of God, a haunt of satyrs, any sort of country may have or have had such a well sunk in them, John Henry Newman was not too austere, too spiritual, or too aloof to be a musician, and the fishmonger's lumpish daughter, cod-eyed, heavy-jowled, humourless, and a Baptist, she is a musician too. Captain Flincher of the North Sea is not too hardy to be one, nor is the odious Fleecer who keeps a bucket-shop too soft. This last, a City thief, a foolish would-be sportsman, hires some pheasant-shooting in Surrey, and comes down with collopny Hebrew friends to bang and guzzle. When he is oozing with whiskey and lewd tales, you set a piano before him, and he straightway opens correspondences with glory. He sets Heaven answering. He is for the moment in touch with eternal life, and is a fountain of it. But the moment passes and he goes back to his punch and prurience again. The telephone to the shady city of palm-trees is rung off; Fleecer is about his company-promoting once more. The modest and all too timid damsel, of any degree, blushes when her musical fame cannot be hid, and the blatant termagant, her cousin, say, is carmine with excitement lest she should not be asked to perform Poperuski's *Opus 49* before the deaf old duke, who hates difficult music and, like Johnson, wishes it were impossible. Finally, musicians are of no fixed stock and origin. Anybody may be the parent of a musician, who is a parent at all. The fatling guggling in the cradle of the man, who loves Sankey's crudities, may grow up a complete Lesbian, while the offspring of Apollo and Philomela may heed no harmonies, and have a griding, nutmeg-grating voice, fingers like sausages, and a soul of teak.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*Across the Broad Acres.* By A. N. COOPER, M.A. (A. Brown and Sons, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. COOPER has obtained a certain reputation as a writer of "walking books," one of which (the first, we fancy) will be remembered as "The Tramps of a Walking Parson." In the present volume he has stayed at home. He tells us that certain articles comprised in it have appeared in certain provincial newspapers, and we are tempted to think that the rest are reprinted from the parish magazine. Only so is the fact that the Rev. Mr. Cooper ("of Ch. Ch., Oxford"), who is, presumably, a man of some observation and experience, should send forth some of these "Sketches of Yorkshire Life and Character" to be explained. Tedious twaddle follows pious platitudes much as it does at the Mothers' Meeting, and the whole book is distinguished by the author's manifest inability to distinguish between sense and nonsense. He is the possessor of an enviable optimism, many wonderful stories being told of miraculous interpositions and signal providences. You meet with chapters on "Does Heaven Repay?" "The Mighty Conqueror" (to wit, Love), "A Modern Elijah," etc. etc., each with its appropriate illustrations for the confirmation of unsteady faith. In the last-mentioned paper one story is quoted with a reference (apparently for authority) to "The Sunday Circle"—which, if we mistake not, is one of the Harmsworth or Pearson weekly offscourings of pious trash. In endeavouring to show that "the race of lovable parsons is not extinct," Mr. Cooper writes:

The clergy as a body can scarcely claim to have been very popular with mankind, but individual members have impressed themselves upon the human race in a way second to none. Where could be found a more lovable character than the pastor in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," or the Bishop in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," or Marie Corelli's "God's Good Man"?

He is at much pains to tell us that there are some very good men who do not attend church, and his prudent pieties are frequently enforced by useful illustrations of the reward of industry:

Will the reader be astonished to hear that that man is to-day a member of the House of Lords and chairman of a great railway company? Heaven's favour counts for more than we think.

Of which unimpeachable truth certain other bantling peers are, no doubt, well persuaded, however sceptical they may have grown of all else.

Some of the papers towards the end are marked, we are glad to say, by a mild interest of subject and writing, and there are useful notes upon "East Yorkshire Dialect," "Yorkshire Thrift," and so on; but they are not sufficient to outweigh the desultory drivel of the rest. Those who have cared for Mr. Cooper's previous books are likely, we should think, to be disappointed in the present one, though it is put forward as the fruit of five-and-twenty years of Yorkshire experience.

*The Old Testament in the Light of Modern Research.* By the Rev. J. R. COHU. (James Parker and Co., Oxford and London, 4s. net.)

It is within the memory of some that a certain Professor in Edinburgh was suspended from his office because he would not subscribe to a form of Bibliolatry which implied that the Bible came straight down from heaven, marginal references, chronology, headings to chapters, and all. It is not so very long ago that considerable opposition was shown to the revision of the text on like grounds. In the minds of a vast number of people criticism of the Bible has been equivalent to an attack on their faith, because to them every word of the Bible was divinely inspired and equally infallible. And a younger generation, finding many former views erroneous or even absurd, are inclined to give up all belief. Some are sensibly disturbed, and ask the old question, What then is truth? Others simply pass

to tacit agnosticism. With respect to the Old Testament, the position is analogous to the period in ancient Greece when the philosophers attacked the Homeric theogony.

Therefore we welcome a book which gives in short compass some results of the Higher Criticism from the standpoint of faith, by a student of Wellhausen, Kuenen, Driver, and their school, who says that criticism will not destroy "deep and abiding comfort and help, for the spiritual message of the Bible remains untouched." In this spirit Mr. Cohu treats of all the well-known difficulties—allegorical stories and folk-lore, early Nature worship, and religious development through animism and anthropomorphism to monotheism.

Here, however, he does not seem to balance fairly the monotheism of the nomadic patriarchs, as compared with later paganism and idolatry, and the subsequent pure monotheism of the prophetic period. The fact is that Mr. Cohu is himself a little involved in the chronological mass of dates and authorship. The human aspect of the so-called moral difficulties of the Old Testament is carefully differentiated from the direct revelation of God. Human sacrifices, the universal vendetta, the regulations for blood revenge, the appalling cruelty of the Judaic laws, the ideas expressed in the imprecatory Psalms have a place in the development of all religions. Hitherto the average reader of the Bible has missed the great gulf fixed between the earlier crude religion and the later ideals of the prophets and the Christian revelation, partly because he has treated the Bible as one book, instead of many writings spread over a period of at least 1,100 years in their authorship.

Mr. Cohu's book should go far to dispel the difficulties which have arisen from that ignorant view which has treated the Bible as a sort of infallible fetish every word of which was divinely inspired, not only in a spiritual sense, but in all matters scientific and historical. At the same time Mr. Cohu states clearly, if not very profoundly, the modern theory as to the true and real sense in which the authors of the Old Testament writings were inspired, noting the remarkable unity of purpose which underlies the Divine message throughout. It must be remembered that this book is written not for the learned, but that it is rather a digest of the views of scholars made for the ordinary reader who desires some knowledge of the Higher Criticism, and some help in his quite intelligible perplexities.

The book is not without inaccuracies, and there are many unnecessary repetitions, partly due to defects in arrangement. Some clear comparative tables of dates and a good index are much wanted. These are matters for a general revision before a second edition (which we trust may be called for) of this very useful little work.

*Sketches from Life in Town and Country, and some Verses.* By EDWARD CARPENTER. (George Allen and Sons, 5s. net.)

MR. CARPENTER may be congratulated on the production of a very readable volume. The majority of the sketches which go to make up this book consist of some very acute character-studies, disguised beneath the thinnest and most transparent veil of fiction. Mr. Carpenter is less an inventor than a reporter. But he is a reporter with imagination and an admirably developed artistic instinct. He knows precisely what to retain and what to exclude, with the result that the finished picture is lacking in no element of completeness. It is an excellent example of the art that conceals itself. The author, too, is wise in recognising his limitations. He attempts no very lofty flights, he essays no baffling subtleties. It is human nature in the rough that we meet with in these pages, human nature unspoiled by civilisation, untrammelled by convention, unvexed with theories. These strong, simple Derbyshire folk, with their primitive passions, fears, and ways of life, are very near the earth, and yet we feel at times that they are, after all, but a little lower than the angels. This, at least, is eminently true of Martin Turner, whom Mr. Carpenter has crowned with immortality in a brief chapter

of seventeen pages. Martin was something of a fool, but not devoid of a certain native shrewdness. He was the despair of the local Methodist preacher, whose reasoning powers were hardly equal to his piety, and to whom Genesis presented certain points of difficulty:

Then came the third verse: "And God divided the light from the darkness."

"How was it *before* that, Mr. Humphry," said Martin, "before He divided the light from the darkness? The light and the darkness must have both been there, or he couldn't have *divided* them; but were they mingled up together-like, or how?"

This was a poser. Even the glib man was at a loss.

"Yes," he said, catching at a straw, "I believe they were mingled up together, as you say."

"I wonder what it 'ud look like," said Turner, all innocence, "when they were mingled up. Would it be like a mist, dotted black and white, a sort o' grey mist?"

"Yes—a sort o' grey mist."

"Or would it be," continued Turner, without pausing, "in *layers*—first a layer of darkness, and then a layer of light, and then one of darkness again, say like streaky bacon?"

"Well," said the other, "of course, we don't know for certain how it was. We don't know anything, you know."

Mr. Carpenter has one story—"Narayan"—dealing with industrial life in India, which might be read with advantage by all students of our Indian problem. But his most successful sketches are those of village life and manners, and in "A Country Pub" we have him at his very best.

The verses appended to this volume are scarcely happy. They are of interest (if at all) as demonstrating their author's wisdom in abandoning the "muse of measured verse." On the whole, however, the book is well worth reading, and even re-reading, though, since Mr. Carpenter is the possessor of a style at once lucid, forcible, and direct, it seems a pity that he should condescend to the use of such cacophonous and inaccurate expressions as "imperviosity" and "no-how-ness."

## FICTION

*Patsy.* By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

To say that "Patsy" is, as the advertisement reminds us, by the author of "The Blue Lagoon" is a little misleading. True Mr. H. De Vere Stacpoole is responsible for both books, but while "The Blue Lagoon" was romance, "Patsy" is farce. We do not use the term farce with any intent of depreciation; the book is indeed capital reading, and only requires a little judicious excision here and there in order to rank as true comedy. There are just a few things in it which point to the fact that, while Mr. De Vere Stacpoole's instinct is for comedy, he finds it easier to write pure, delightful farce. And he has written it with an ease and gaiety of humour that is very pleasant and uncommon. Plot there is little, and what there is is picked up and dropped and caught again in the most inconsequential fashion, which, however, in no way disturbs the reader's pleasure. Patsy, the hero, is a half-savage Irish lad who, to the disgust of his wholly savage uncle, derogates to livery and a variety of household services. His sharpness of perception, readiness of retort, and fertility of expedient have the true touch of life. He is, too, equally ready of belief, and when Mr. Murphy, his uncle's villainous confederate, swears him into felonious obedience with the following oath, Patsy is fully persuaded of its awful efficacy:

I, Patsy Rooney, bein' in me sound mind and body, hereby swears to do all Mr. Murphy bids me do to the uttermost fardin', with diligence and despatch. And if I don't, may me eyes pop out of me head like burnin' ches'nuts off a hob; may me tongue hang down to me heels and thrail in the dust and be dry ever after for want of a drink; and may me hair turn grey as a badger and fall off, leaving the head of me bald as a coot. May me left hand be turned into me right hand, me feet twisted backwards, me legs stuck where me arms be, and the nose of me turned to the snout of a pig.

"Ohone!" wailed Patsy, when he had finished this oath, "sure,



it's ruined I am entirely!" The mental picture of the figure he would cut, should he fail to carry out Mr. Murphy's biddings, stood before his mind's eye with horrible distinctness. No other form of oath, perhaps, could have had a more powerful effect on the half-savage mind of the boy.

The comic vein is further developed when the pair of desperadoes, imposing on the lad's wits with such a whimsical threat (as ingenious as the famous curse of Ernulphus), are themselves overtaken with terror at the imagination of a spectre which Patsy, not frightened out of his humour, is able to use to the advantage of his escape. But Mr. Stacpoole is wrong in stepping aside from his story and pitying condescendingly Patsy's "Celtic aptitude for belief." This superiority of a writer to his characters is a mistake.

It is to secure Patsy's assistance to an intended burglary that this awful oath is sworn, and the incident itself is divertingly told. Mr. Murphy, the more atrocious of the villains, is cleverly caught—of course with Patsy's help—and securely locked up; but very soon he is released—again with Patsy's help, since the thought of a sturdy rogue's confinement is dreadful to a liberty-loving lad. Follows the yet more diverting incidents of Mr. Murphy's flight and the furious man-hunt in which—for mere joy of hunting—all his sympathisers join gleefully. Mr. Murphy dominates his pursuers even when trapped, and shows a humour no less ferocious than his violence of manner, when, safe from his immediate enemies, he avenges himself on the confederate who betrayed him by riding him ass-wise in triumph through village after village. Patsy and Mr. Murphy, indeed, are the characters, alive and fresh, round whom the puppets of the story swing. The actual plot, as we said, is slight; it is also somewhat familiar, being an elopement which from the beginning you know will be inevitable and successful—with Patsy and Mr. Murphy to help. What is so good in the book is the gusts of good humour, the evident pleasure of the author in his characters and his power to communicate that pleasure. In a word, "Patsy" is thoroughly entertaining. Perhaps on another occasion Mr. Stacpoole will give us comedy instead of farce, entertainment of a finer order.

*Rose Campion's Platonic.* By ADAM LILBURN. (Greening and Co., Ltd., 6s.)

WHY, when lovely woman stoops to the folly of authorship, does she find it necessary to disguise herself in male attire? We should have imagined that since Fanny Burney and Jane Austen allowed their names to appear on the title-pages of their works, there was small need for such reticence. But no!—we have our "George Eliots," our "Ralph Irons," our "Frank Danbys." And now there is "Adam Lilburn." For we do more than suspect the assumed sex of the author of "*Rose Campion's Platonic*." Her speech bewrayeth her, not once or twice, but in every chapter, one had almost said on every page. Her delight in the trivialities of club and tea-table gossip is characteristically and delightfully feminine; her grammar, too, is occasionally quite excusably feminine.

For the novel itself we have little but praise. Slight of structure as it is (it could have been compressed quite easily into a hundred pages), "*Rose Campion's Platonic*" is a good story well told. Rose herself is charming. She wins the sympathy of the reader at the outset, and she retains it throughout the volume. Lord Langton, the other partner in this strangest of "platonics," is less satisfactory. He is an injudicious compound of the *viveur* and the Puritan—a typically feminine embodiment of the "man of the world." The process of drifting by which these two lovers come within measurable distance of losing their souls is well indicated. An emotional crisis, however, occasioned by a motor-car accident, reveals them in their true light. It transforms Rose from a rather selfish girl into a heroine, and the unexpected—and somewhat melodramatic—arrival of a stray waif on her doorstep completes her education in the domestic virtues. The book should have closed on the penultimate chapter.

After that it degenerates into sheer melodrama, with some rather wishy-washy sentiment. The marriage of Langton to Rose is an artistic mistake, and the author should have been strong enough to resist the temptation to solace the hero and heroine with sugar-plums, after having made them pass through the furnace of tribulation. On the whole, however, the book is a very creditable performance, and the minor characters are sketched with the hand of an experienced craftsman. The detestable duchess, in particular, is a triumph of characterisation.

*The Abbey Mystery.* By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST. (Ward Lock, 6s.)

MR. GILCHRIST has devoted all his energies to the curdling of our blood, and has marshalled so formidable an array of desperate characters through a succession of such fearful adventures that if we are not properly impressed the fault no doubt lies with our jaded imagination. We are so woefully tired of them all; of Lady Angela with "the profile of a Roman Empress and loosely-woven yellow hair," "the sensuous lips of one who craves the good things of life;" of Mr. Horseman, strangely Eastern looking, with "small, beautifully preserved teeth, vividly red lips and gold earrings;" of the faithful old valet, the staid housekeeper, the wicked, hard-drinking baronet, his innocent young wife and her rival, the adventuress with burnished hair—we have met them all so often, and we know so well what the fate of each will be. Even the jet-black hunter with the "vicious head and eye," who so nearly kills the hero, and the mysterious Dolores, a gigantic snake belonging to Horseman, are familiar to us. The mystery is no mystery after the first few chapters; the various miscreants are neatly eliminated by motor accidents, fire, and other timely mishaps, and the blameless characters marry each other, even the aged valet finding a suitable wife. There is, however, one original touch we have not noticed in other works of the kind: all the retainers, and they are many, use language which has been obsolete since the days of Elizabeth.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### LATIN AND GREEK PRONUNCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The letter of Professor Winbolt to the *Times* on the reformed pronunciation of Greek is characterised by the same lack of respect for precision—one might almost say flippancy—which you condemned in his former letter on that of Latin. Such phrases as "at the first blush" (utterly unmeaning in this connection) and "make no bones" (which is pure slang) are surely somewhat out of place in a scientific disquisition. Then why the apologetic "may fairly be asked" as applied to a schoolboy, instead of "must be rigorously taught"?

For the pronunciation of other languages, and especially those in which, like the classical tongues, the most perfect exactitude is necessary in order to realise their full sonorousness and rhythm, is of their very essence, indeed the most important feature of all, and not, as one only acquainted with that of English, so irregular, arbitrary, and slovenly as it is, might assume, merely a minor consideration.

Why students of Latin and Greek should be gratuitously informed before they have even asked for such a concession that it does not much matter if, instead of giving long *a* and *o* the pure sounds which they possess in Italian, Spanish, and French, they pronounce them with the corrupt diphthongal simper now the fashion in English, is inexplicable. In Palmer and Munro's syllabus the correct vocalisation was insisted on. Then why learners should be allowed the option of giving Greek *v* the sound of our *u* in *tune* instead of its proper value of French *u* or German *ü*, when no teacher of these languages would dream of so pandering to their indolence, or why *α* should be given that of German *ei*, which it never could by any possibility have possessed, and which this latter does not possess either in any other language (not even in any English word if correctly spelt or spoken), is still more amazing. Surely one of the chief advantages of a proper pronunciation of Latin and Greek is the immense help it will give in acquiring that of modern tongues!

Yet where some latitude might justifiably be conceded it is not given. Thus, as Dr. Grundy has often pointed out, it is a

mistake to assert dogmatically that, e.g., Latin *v, j, c, g, t, ch, ph, th*, "had" or "have" such and such sounds, regardless of the developments which gradually took place. Thus the first five of these must have slowly degenerated until they assumed the values they now possess in Italian, while the last three, being foreign sounds, would only have been pronounced correctly by the better-educated Romans, the common people merely saying them as ordinary *c, f*, and *t*, which soundings, with the decline of civilisation, would naturally become universal, as in the modern derived tongues.

As for the ignoring of the Greek accents, this is nothing less than atrocious, and stultifies the whole reform. In America and, I believe, Scotland, as well as on the Continent, they are respected, and that this can be done without injury to quantity is evident from English words like *lándholder*.

But English words as examples should be as far as possible avoided as too ambiguous and undecided. The proper method is to instance familiar foreign words, thus "*fête* (approximately *fate*)," or "*rôle* (approximately *roll*)." The insular prejudices of English boys are already strong enough without being further humoured. Yet Professor Winbolt hopes that the trilling of *r* will not be thought an "affectation," as if the question were merely one of genteel taste, instead of a matter of sheer right or wrong.

Even in English a singer trills his *r*'s without being stigmatised as a "vulgar" Scotchman or Irishman, and considering that any one attempting to speak Italian, etc., otherwise would simply not be understood, it should rather be deemed an improvement to restore the proper sound of this letter to ordinary speech than regarded as an affectation to do so.

The most difficult of all the reforms, to an English boy, seems to be the terminal short *a*. The correct sounding of this, however, must be *de rigueur*. *Terra*, if pronounced like our *terror*, is utterly unintelligible to an Italian, and masters should thoroughly drill their pupils in the correct method before they go on to anything else. But they must be masters rather more whole-hearted than Professor Winbolt.

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

#### SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some weeks back in your columns "C. O." and "T. T. D." expressed a hope that an Anti-Feminist League would be formed, opining that the Women's Anti-Suffrage League would never be strong enough to fight the Suffragettes. With this I thoroughly agree. The W.A.-S.L. cannot be called in any way representative of male anti-suffrage opinion. I was one of the few men privileged to be present at the preliminary meeting on the 21st ult. at the Westminster Palace Hotel. For the life of me I failed to see in what way spiritually Old Suffragette differed from New Anti-Suffragist. One of the speakers in particular referred to men as if they were so many children, and expressed the view that Female Suffrage was essentially a question for women to decide among themselves. In fact, all they seemed to consider man good for was to contribute the sinews of war. From this view I thoroughly dissent, and unless the W.A.-S.L. can see their way to co-operate more heartily with men and adopt more vigorous methods than they seem at present inclined to do, I should strongly advise Anti-Feminists to leave them to their own devices. These ladies have been a long time coming into the field; they have left the burden and heat of the day to others; and if they are now busily engaged in writing-up pamphlets, it may be pointed out to them that the ground has already been well covered by writers in the Press.

ARCH. G.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Lady Grove has been writing to the *Times* to complain that no one can be found to answer the arguments of the "Educated Suffragists." The thought of these lonely persons crying in vain for an answer so moves me to pity that I write to offer condolence and suggestion. This sin of omission on the part of their opponents is, I think, due to misunderstanding. It is known, of course, that such persons exist, but how and where their arguments differ from the "uneducated" Suffragists is unfortunately not known. Lady Grove would be performing nothing less than a national service if she would set forth for all to read those arguments that are the preserve of the "educated" brand of Suffragists. If she will do so in your columns no doubt among the educated anti-Suffragists who read them, there will be found some to give her all the answer that the heart of woman can desire.

C. O.

Putney, S.W., August 25, 1908.

#### ANATOLE FRANCE IN ENGLISH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the English translation of the works of M. Anatole France—viz., "*The Red Lily*" and "*Mother of Pearl*," so ably reviewed by Mr. Rowland Strong in your issue of the 15th inst.—the latter is made to say, "*odeur des fritures et du fumet des motelotes*." I do not know the word "*motelotes*." Surely it must be a printer's error for "*matelotes*?"

Re "Marc." There is also an excellent brandy distilled not from grapes, but from "*marc de pomme*," known as "*eau-de-vie de cidre*," and very good it is too, principally in the "*departements de la Manche et du Calvados*."

Respecting Paul Vence's remark quoted by Mr. Rowland Strong, that "there may be fine translations; there are no accurate ones," I humbly beg to differ from him. If an Englishman possesses a thorough knowledge, say of the French language as well as of his own, I hold it is possible for him to make, not only a fine translation, but also an accurate one. I am prepared, given the opportunity, to prove it. But (and it is a very big but) one must know the French language, including its "*patois and argot*."

Too many translators at the present day are unfortunately under the impression that their knowledge is perfect, when it is not, and as Mr. Rowland Strong wisely says, author's works suffer at their hands a process of rendering "sense" into "nonsense."

In justice to M. Anatole France's works and to Mr. John Lane's well-meant efforts to make them known to the English reading public, I suggest that greater care should be exercised to give us in the next volumes not only a "fine translation, but also an accurate one."

GEO. HARDINGE.

193 Raiton Road, Herne Hill, S.E., August 20, 1908.

[Mr. Strong writes:—" '*Motelote*' for '*matelote*' was a printer's error. '*Marc de pommes*' deserves everything your correspondent has to say in praise of it, and much more. Taken alternately with glasses of port it is a sure preventive of gout. There may be accurate translations, but I have never seen one."]

#### MAUD ALLAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Only in England of the twentieth century would it be possible to see the name of a serious artist, as Miss Duncan undoubtedly is, printed in one line with that of the successful performer of a startling music-hall "turn." In view, however, of the heights of gentility and refinement to which our increased delicacy of perception has elevated the variety stage, perhaps I ought to assume that this apparent solecism is, after all, the greatest of compliments.

H. W. WHITLEY.

Rowlsley.

#### SOCIALISM AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If we compare the modern Socialist's conception of humanity, as revealed, for instance, in the dramas of Mr. Bernard Shaw, with that of the French Revolutionary Socialist as revealed, let us say, in the orations of Robespierre, we are at once struck by the contrast between the cynical levity of the first and the simple, unquestioning faith of the second. The one seems to have lost all belief even in himself, whilst the other preserved throughout his career an unwavering faith in his own mission, which is at least something, and in the infinite perfectibility of the human race, which, it is true, is a great deal. But, in spite of his withered heart and his meagre intelligence, Robespierre at least did not shirk the conclusion of every sensible man that, before the dream of equality could be realised, it would be necessary to reform human nature itself; and, with singular boldness for so timid a man, he set himself tenaciously to the task:

Our purpose [says he] is to substitute morality for egoism, honesty for honour, principles for usages, duties for proprieties, the empire of reason for the tyranny of fashion, contempt of vice for indifference to misfortune, dignity for insolence, nobleness for vanity, love of glory for love of lucre, good people for good society, merit for intrigue, genius for intellectual brilliancy, the charm of contentment for the satiety of pleasure, the majesty of man for the high-breeding of the great, a magnanimous, powerful, and happy people for an amiable, frivolous, and wretched people, that is to say, every virtue and miracle of the republic in the place of the vices and absurdities of the monarchy.

Some there were who went even further. "We will make France a cemetery," says Carrier, "rather than not regenerate it our own way." Their logic was unimpeachable, and they had the courage to act on their convictions, though their methods were



peculiar. For a time they had it all their own way, and we know what a ghastly mess they made of it. Yet the failure of these first Socialists seems to have taught their modern followers nothing. They cling to the old and pernicious fallacies as though the French Revolution had not exploded them once for all.

Let us glance at a few of the Socialist doctrines as practised during the Great Revolution, with their results. In the first place, the revolutionary leaders had no illusions as to the incompatibility of Christianity and Socialism. Whilst they proscribed all forms of worship, they showed peculiar hostility against the Catholic religion, since it is the most opposed to democracy. But the rapid spread of atheism, with its consequent lawlessness, alarmed the leaders; so Robespierre brought forward his precious decree by which the French Convention recognised the existence of the Supreme Being. This drew from the sprightly author of "Faublas" the remark that he had no doubt the Supreme Being was much obliged to Monsieur Robespierre for his handsome acknowledgment. Then followed the blasphemous obscenities of the worship of Reason. The chief result of the teachings of Hébert and his fellow Socialists was to drive thousands of disgusted wanderers back to the faith of their fathers.

The modern Socialist is always ready to reassure the timid neophyte by a plenary repudiation of the past. Thus he will assert that free love is not one of the doctrines of Socialism. Yet what do we find when we consider the acts of his forerunners when in power? Having sought to break the tie between God and man, the Government deliberately attempted to break all ties between individuals, with a view to strengthening those which bound the individual to the State. To this end marriage was treated as an ordinary civil contract, and the bond was deliberately made loose and precarious, approximating as nearly as possible to the free and transient union of the sexes. Moreover, the law granted special facilities for divorce. A marriage could be dissolved on the demand of both parties, or even of one of the parties, after one month's formal probation; or if it could be proved that the parties had lived separate for six months the divorce could be pronounced without any delay whatever. Divorced persons were allowed to remarry. Illegitimacy was abolished, and children born out of wedlock were accorded the same rights as legitimate children.

The practical results of this law, passed in September, 1792, speedily made themselves manifest. During the two and a half years following its promulgation the Courts of Paris alone granted 5,994 divorces, and in the sixth year of the Republic the number of divorces exceeded that of the marriages.

If there remain any doubt as to the moral laxity consequent upon a Socialist régime, we have but to turn to the writings of the greatest living exponent of Socialism. In his detestable work on the odious Marat, Mr. Belfort Bax dwells complacently on the loves of his degenerate hero with the woman Evrard, and holds the pair up to admiration as a model wedded couple. He even refers to this woman, whom he must know was a runaway wife living in open adultery with Marat, as his widow! Why this euphemism? The Socialist is not usually so careful to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the *bourgeois* whom he affects so to despise. It is time a protest was made against the sentimental rubbish which has for some time been written about Marat. Until recently he was thought to have been an ignorant yahoo. We know now that he was a person of some culture and attainments. As Mr. Morse Stephens rightly says, "he could not for years have been a fashionable physician and held a Court appointment without being perfectly polite and well-bred." It is not quite clear what Mr. Stephens wants to prove by this statement, but apparently he fails to see that Marat's refinement serves only to make his conduct the more heinous. Learned or ignorant, Marat was an inhuman monster, a homicidal maniac, who richly deserved what he got, and there's an end of the matter.

Now, as everybody knows, one of the fundamental principles of Socialism is equality. Yet under the Terror, the golden age of Socialism, the law of equality was consistently violated in the person of the nobility by depriving them of political rights and excluding them from public offices. It was the Vicomte de Ségur who, in reply to the impertinences of the actor Elleviou, said, "Apprenez que nous vivons en République et que je suis votre égal." If we cannot be sure of even a reasonable amount of equality, what can we be sure of under a Socialist régime? Probably the leaders would be always bragging of their poverty, just as they did under the Terror, as though any one thinks more of a man for being poor! They preferred power to wealth, that was all. Yet many made a good thing out of the political situation, and none more so than the murderous, fraudulent, and filthy-mouthed Hébert, the most thoroughgoing Socialist of them all. In the first years of the Revolution he was acting as ticket-collector at a small Parisian theatre, and lost his post for thieving. When the scaffold claimed him in 1794, Mallet du Pan asserts that he was worth £50,000. Another of these practical Socialists

was Bourbotte. The story of this man's life is mostly unprintable. In August, 1793, he was sent on mission by the Convention to Fontenay. Accompanied by the drunken Rossignol, an atheist printer, an ex-priest, an ex-actor, and a troupe of women of the town, he took up his lodging in a mansion to which the seals had been attached. He promptly ransacked the house, confiscated the jewellery, dresses, and everything of value he could find, and divided the spoil with his male and female associates. The whole party then gave themselves up to the wildest debauchery. There is in the Bibliothèque Nationale an order issued by Bourbotte when at Tours:

Requiring the district administration to furnish him personally, as well as for the citizens attached to his commission, forty bottles of red and thirty bottles of white wine, to be taken from the cellars of *émigrés*, or from those of persons condemned to death; and, in addition to this, fifty bottles of common wine;

The latter presumably for his followers. "Vive l'égalité!"

But the chief hero of the modern Socialists is Babeuf. Very little is known about this worthy, but that little is not much to his credit. Decidedly, the Socialists are not happy in their choice of heroes! The great apostle of despotic communism, as he has been called, first comes into notice by being sentenced to twenty years in irons for the falsification of public contracts, and is later known as a dissipated pothouse loafer of the worst type. In 1796 he had a brief and inglorious career as an active conspirator. His political programme included the following items:—All literature in favour of Revelation must be prohibited; children must be brought up in common; the child shall no longer bear his father's name; towns shall be demolished, *châteaux* destroyed, and books proscribed; all Frenchmen shall wear one particular costume; and the armies shall be led by civil magistrates. The conspiracy was suppressed without much difficulty, and Babeuf was sentenced to death.

JOHN RIVERS.

1 Narcissus Road, Hampstead, N.W.

#### MENTAL VIVISECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If the "sympathetic imagination and solidarity-sense" that has been developing ever since the "anti-man-vivisection crusade of Beccaria and the eighteenth-century philosophers" (I quote from a recent letter of Vernon Lee's to the *Morning Post*) is bringing us in the twentieth century to the further conclusion that vivisection of animals is "impossible," a moral anachronism, have we any right to hope we may reach the further state of conscience that shall condemn mental and spiritual man-vivisection, meaning thereby the torturing analysis of motive and conduct of human beings?

Hopes or no hopes, is it reasonable to condemn the practice of torturing animals "for the sake of alleviating suffering," making this a breach of honour among scientific workers, while we remain silent before the demoralising spectacle of thousands of harmless and helpless (because imaginary) people who are put on the rack per annum to perform involuntary antics, by the novelists of to-day, "for the sake of alleviating" existence? (If the other claim is made for novel-writing, that it is a contribution to the science of psychology, so do the vivisectioners of animals claim justification by knowledge, and are condemned therefor.)

But, putting aside the unnecessary suffering of beings who are imaginary—as imaginary as Vernon Lee declares in her "Gospels of Anarchy" we, the readers of books, are to those who address us on the printed page—is it truly realised how the fever for (mentally) handling others has entered into the brains of those who read? how they in their turn must needs seek to emulate or disprove the novelist? From his (too frequently!) subverted presentment of causes and effects, of motives and actions, he encourages them to make erratic generalisations, calling them formulated laws of psychology, and to reapply these mad deductions to their friends, relations, and acquaintances. Unlike the case of the science that is served by vivisection, their experiments, on wife or saint, are deterred or limited by no law, their practice is subject to no inspector.

Year by year, under the influence of the all-powerful novel, the amateur psychological analysers are becoming more and more numerous, a rampant pest, with a self-confidence which is amazing and an audacity which is a social danger.

Rightly, they borrow their figures of speech from the medical world, but with what a deadly difference of meaning! They "probe" their friends; "turn" their acquaintance "inside out"; "pick the brains" of their intellectual superiors. Can no sense of honour, social or scientific, protect the probeable and pickable who are often the most loveable of mankind? Who dares cry down (merely) physical torture, conducted by professional men, and place no iron law or social embargo on this pseudo-scientific mania for mental and spiritual (*amateur*) vivisection?

The Confessional for the Catholic and (within limits) the law-court for the Protestant should be the only spiritual and mental vivisection-chambers admissible (and there are some who would call these, as well as war and missionaries, "impossible," "moral anachronisms"), in the coming century.

May not an altruistic wave, a quickened "solidarity-sense," one day stem the current of the reading-public, that novelists may be abolished and forbidden, "for the alleviation of" the spiritual suffering and mental undoing of the race?

M. C. FORBES.

## THE TAROT AND CARD GAMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There are apparently earlier references to playing-cards than those mentioned in Mr. Steele's interesting letter. In Cicognara's "Memorie Spettanti alla Storia della Calcografia" (Prato, 1831) occurs the following passage:

"Un codice del trattato del governo della Famiglia scritto nel 1299 da Sandro di Pippozzi di Sandro, conservato fra i libri di Francesco Redi, e l'articolo sta riportato nel Vocabolario della Crusca come estratto da questo trattato se giocherà di denaro, o così, o alle carte gli apparecchiarsi la via."

Cicognara also refers to Spanish edicts against card games issued in 1369, and he seems to support the opinion that cards were first brought into Europe by Moors at the time of the Spanish invasion.

E. G.

Dresden, August 24, 1908.

## MR. COLLINSON AND THE LASH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Regarding Mr. Joseph Collinson's letter on flogging, may I mention the following? In India, a few years ago, several officers were discussing flogging in the Army, and all condemned it except one, who had risen from the ranks. "I don't know," he said; "I was never worth a — till I got flogged for neglect of duty"—leaving his brother-officers to draw the inference; "I then took to my duties, and here I am."

Personally, I think flogging scoundrels is by far the best punishment that can be meted out to them. The "cat" stopped shooting at the late Queen Victoria, and it put an end to the destruction of works of art; it will stop robbery with violence, and it ought to be extended to offences against women and children.

AN INDIAN CHAPLAIN (Madras).

August 24, 1908.

## THE FUTILITY (?) OF FLOGGING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Joseph Collinson is no doubt a tender-hearted man, and his persistent campaign in favour of a more humane treatment of criminals of a certain class must strike a sympathetic chord in all good-natured hearts. But is it quite reasonable, or wise? In the first place, the arguments which he is most fond of using really prove nothing. In your issue of August 22nd he quotes a remark by the late Lord Herschell, to the effect that "a flogging Judge was followed by a number of garrotting cases, and a non-flogging Judge by a great diminution of that crime." This is a ridiculous argument. One might just as well contend that the publication of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" having been followed by an earthquake in China, the practice of consulting lexicons is injurious to the interests of humanity. Or again, not, if the reverse could be proved. What Lord Herschell should have shown was that men condemned to the lash for garrotting, so far from abandoning the practice, are, in point of fact, encouraged to continue it on a far more extended scale than before. What he wants us to believe is that the mere fact of A being flogged for garrotting C is a direct incentive to B D and E to garrotte F G and H, and so on in arithmetical proportion; while the fact that the garrotter A has been sentenced to a punishment without flogging for garrotting C has had so great a moral effect upon B D and E that they have refrained from garrotting F G and H.

Another favourite quotation of Mr. Collinson's is the remark attributed to that famous old "hanging" Judge the late Chief Justice Hawkins, that "if you flog a man you make a wild beast of him." But how can you make a wild beast of a man who is already a wild beast? And does Mr. Collinson think that you can make the average garrotter, who will maim an old woman for life for the sake of stealing from her a few pence, more of a wild beast by flogging him, or less of a wild beast than he was by not flogging him? Can Mr. Collinson produce a sufficient number of instances to base a conclusion on of garotters who have been flogged ever garotting again? On the Herschell system of demonstration, of which he approves, he

would have to show that, so far from acting as a deterrent, the flogging of the garotter acted as an encouragement, increasing in proportion with the number of times he had been flogged.

The fact seems to be that while flogging may not be an absolute or final preventive of garotting, no garotter who has once been flogged will care to risk such a punishment again. And this in itself is a real gain to society. The garotter, according to our old hanging friend the late Lord Chief Justice has by the process been converted into a "wild beast," but seeing what he was before this mysterious transformation took place, his claim upon public sympathy is of the slightest.

R. S.

## EAST-END LOAFERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a detailed description of all the facts and incidents that could be collected with reference to the murder of Mrs. Luard the *Daily Mail* reports that—

The Rev. R. B. Cotton, a clergyman, of Shipbourne, near Sevenoaks, informed the police that on Monday afternoon, while passing (by motor) the woods in which the summer-house is situated, he saw a man emerge from the timber.

The man was about forty years old, with a "low type of face." He appeared to bear the stamp of an East-end loafer. May I protest through your columns against the employment of the word "loafer" as a note of contempt, and also against the general application of the prefix "East-end" to this and similar in terms of scorn and reproach?

Loafers may be classed as unemployed who want work and those who do not. Many wait outside the dock-gates till a ship enters to unload, others visit foundries and factories from sunrise till noon, and then walk about for the rest of the day, as hands are not usually taken on after mid-day. The loafers who are work-shy or born-tired are by-products of our boasted civilisation, which by urban expansion compels the poor to bear and rear their children away from God's country, with the streets for their playground and very limited accommodation, and still more restricted diet in their homes. These children may reasonably say when they grow up that they never have had a fair chance, and they are nothing but what their environment has made them—loafers. Had they become cripples or consumptives, these styles would not have been employed as terms of reproach, then why should the word "loafer" be so used? The true "loafers" who really deserve the stigma and reproach live in the West-end, and, having wasted opportunities at school and College, pass through life as parasites on the labour of others which passes to them in the form of dividends or rents. Many of their faces display the indelible marks of luxury, vice, and idleness, and may fitly be described as "a low type of face." They surely would seem to be rejected of God on account of their sins of omission and commission and wasted opportunities, although the world may still run after them for their entertainments, their wealth, or their position.

Loafers of the humbler classes are not confined to East London. Other poor parts, like Lisson Grove, Somers Town, Walworth, and the Borough contain thousands, and even at the back of some of our most highly-rented "residential" parts the tenements of the loafers are within a stone's throw of the rich man's dwelling. In some cases the back windows of rich and poor overlook each other. Why therefore, if "loafers" are so generally distributed over the metropolis, is the prefix "East-end" so often used?

THOS. E. SEDGWICK.

St. Stephen's Vicarage, 81 East India Dock Road,  
Poplar, E., August 26, 1908.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### DRAMA

Sauter, Edwin. *The Death of Gracchus*. A Tragedy. Published by the Author.

### EDUCATIONAL

Mason's *New English Grammars*. Intermediate. Bell, 2s.

Wimms, J. H. *An Introduction to Psychology*. Charles and Dible, 1s. 6d. net.

*Historical Geography on a Regional Basis*. Vol. II. Europe. By Ernest W. Dann. Dent, 2s. 6d.

*Regional Geography*. Asia. By J. B. Reynolds. Black, 2s.

### FICTION

Fitchett, W. H. *A Pawn in the Game*. Smith, Elder, 6s.

Murray, David Christie. *A Woman in Armour*. Long, 6s.

Macpherson, John F. *Yella the Magnificent*. Long, 6s.

Cave, John. *The Wiles of a Wife*. Long, 6s.

Gould, Nat. *The Little Wonder*. Long, 1s. net.

Chesney, Weatherby. *The Claimant*. Chatto and Windus, 6s.

Boyce, Neith. *The Bond*. Duckworth, 6s.



# THE BEST FOOD

# IN LONDON

# The - - - York - - - Restaurant

JERMYN STREET

(BACK OF THE CRITERION).

FINEST FRENCH COOKING.

CHOICEST WINES.

QUICK SERVICE.

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS.

Proprietor—V. SINELLI.

## THE AUGUST BOOK MONTHLY

6d. net.

### CONTENTS.

- PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR—A Summer Gossip about Books and Authors, with a Bouquet of Illustrations.
- A REPRINT REFERENDUM—Which indicates the Standard Books that are Most Popular.
- CONSIDERED TRIFLES—Great Things in Literature from Little Things in Life.—By R. Cochrane.
- A LONDON LETTER—La Belle Canadienne and Other Oversea Observations.—By the Editor.
- OUR "BEST SELLER"—How to Form a Little Shakespeare Library.—By E. Hallam Moorhouse.
- THE HISTORY NOVEL—And the Right Mixing in it of Fact and Fiction.—By Georgiana Bruce.
- LIGHT AND LEADING—New Fact and Current Opinion Gathered from the Book World.
- THE GENERAL READER—Snapshot Reviews of the Best and Best-Selling Books.
- NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY—Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.
- BOOKS OF THE MONTH—A Classified Catalogue of the Noteworthy Books, New Editions, and Reprints of July.
- THE PERIODICALS—Contents of this Month's Reviews and Magazines.

Publishers: Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

## THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE  
SCIENCE AND ART.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION:

Inland, 15s. post free, Foreign and Colonial, 17s. 6d. post free

*This may be sent to any Newsagent, or to the Publisher of  
THE ACADEMY, 67 LONG ACRE, W.C.*

To \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Please send me the ACADEMY for the next \_\_\_\_\_

months. I enclose remittance value \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Description \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# EAGLE

## Insurance Company

Established 1807

### LIVES                      ANNUITIES

*Head Office:*  
**79, PALL MALL,  
LONDON, S.W.**



*City:*  
**41, THREADNEEDLE  
STREET, E.C.**

*Branches:*  
**Eagle Insurance Buildings in  
BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, LEEDS, MANCHESTER**

The Company's *Debenture Policies*, with *Guaranteed Benefits*, afford an attractive form of Insurance in the Non-Participating Class, at very moderate rates.

**Apply for XXth Century Prospectus, showing  
Simple and Liberal Conditions**